

Hic et Ubique;
OR, THE
HUMORS
OF
DUBLIN
IN
COMEDY.

Acted privately, with great Applause.

Written by *Richard B. Sheridan*.

LONDON:
Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

THE
HUMORS
OF
COMEDY

As they are

Written by

Richard B. Sheridan

ESQ.

Printed by R. D. for the Author, 1773.

The Prologue

Enter *Momus*.

Momus HA, ha, we're like to have a goodly Play
 By faith when our Author swore just now
 he knew not whether *Pegasus* were Horse or Cow; if
 a be no Poet, I wonder the Devil how he came to be
 so poor; for I've heard some say, Poverty and Poe-
 try are inseparable companions, but now I think on't,
 his fancie creeps in prose, and sometimes cuts a ca-
 per or two in verse, according as a was inspir'd by
Bacchus——but that he could not purchase alwayes,

And that's the reason that there's been such lack

Of wit, since there was want of sparkling sack,

What can you then expect but the dregs of Ale?
 the best title you can give him is but a red lettuce
 scribler, whose rimes and the spigot keep time
 together.

Enter *Musaph*.

Musaphilus. Courteous Spectators——

Momus. Save your self the labour, I have spoke the
Prologue already.

Musaph. Who sent thee?

Momus. My friends, Envy and Prejudice.

Musaph. Thy commillion's false, get hence, thy breath
 infects the aire, and wu'd be contagious here, but that
 the serenity of each face I view becom's it's antidote.

Avant.

(Exit *Momus*.)

The Prologue.

Our Author wrote this Play, but cannot tell
Whether or no his genius has done well.
Mark well then what he'll say, and doubtless you
Will swear thought't be not quaint, yet most is true.
Here's no Utopian stories, nor such things,
As some men fain, that fly upon the wings
Of fancy only, and include the station
Of their own projects in imagination.
Experience dictates what we have to say,
She being guide, I marvel who can stray.
Hear't out with patience, for we'll all contend
To please you all, and not a Mome offend.

Drammatis

The Scene Dublin.

See-Ford a Land-Lady.

Hoge-wells Wife.

Contributors Wife.

I am her maid.

Call-wells Two-wells daughter.

Women.

Drum.

Reverend.

Patric Kilmoy's man.

Proctor.

Proctor.

His church.

Thou art.

Thou art.

Contributors.

Contributors.

Contributors.

Contributors.

Drum.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alderman Thrive-well Vintner in Dublin.
Collonel Kil-tory.
Hope-well.
Bank-rupt. } *Quondam Citizens of London.*
Contriver. }
Treasurer. }
Routrouge. }
Hic-et-nique. }
Peregrine.
Scrivener.
Patrick, Kil-tory's man.
Recipe.
Drawer.

Women.

Cassandra, Thrive-well's daughter.
Jone her maid.
Contriver's Wife.
Hope-well's Wife.
Duc-Pouch a Land-Lady.

The Scene Dublin.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter Perigrine, Mr. Hopewell, Contrivor, Trust-a, Bankrupt, Phantastick, His & hisque.

M Hopewell. Welcome, welcome.
Perigrine. The like to you all, Gentlemen. What, melancholly, Mr. Trust-a? Come, come, though y^e are altogether a stranger in this Country, yet let not your unacquaintance therewith too much discompose your spirits, or disturb your rest: y^e are remov'd but two degrees from your native habitation, and there's but little difference between the Climates. The generality of *Parthia's* inhabitants may justly boast of as great a measure of civility as the greatest pretendents thereunto elsewhere: only their losses and crosses have so ruin'd their wits, that they are become the best economical Politicians.

Trust. Sir, 'tis not so much the remembrance of my native soil, as the losse of a fair promising fortune, together with the leaving behind me my dear Wife and Children, that thus discomposes me, leaving my dispersed thoughts in a continued state.

Perigrine. The consideration hereof should drive you, not so far from blaming your condition. However, be at good comfort, though the World has turn'd out with you, I will not have you therefore be revenged on your self, or take you, and your miserable insight.

Trist. Sir, I am sensible that I merit blame, but not the least pity: Since my sufferings are the sole effect of my overmuch (foolish) credulity, occasioned by my greediness of trade: grasping at every motion of credit, I thought to oblige and engage all.

Scrog. Never to come near you after.

Trist. Woful experiences inform'd me so, for now do I find their names in my debt books, merely as so many memorandums of my folly, never to be cancel'd.

Hic. Hang all sad thoughts, extasies, and distracting remembrances (say I) let's drink a glass of Sack and drown 'em all therein. Since we know none that will give us our welcome to *Ireland*, let's e'en do't our selves.

Phant. Well said, faith Boy, let's away then to the next Tavern. Here's money lads, and bills of Exchange too, which we'll exchange for Sack: We cannot want, for when we have spent all our English moneys, here's Spanish and French, more than these Ram-crested Clergymen know what to do withal: It shall go hard but our wits shall put in for a half share among 'em.

Mrs. Hesp. Now Sir, I have time to thank you, for your civility aboard: truly I knew not what to have done without you; you stood to me in my weakness, we women are troublesome sickly things at Sea. Enter *Thriver*.

Thriver. Save you Gentlemen. Come ye out of England?

Phant. The Sun has not run six minutes, thirteen seconds since we landed.

Thriver. I pray Sir, what Country man are you?

Phant. I've been so long a Traveller, I don't justly know.

Thriver. And it may be not very well understand what you say.

Phant. What d'ye make of me?

Thriver. By your language, you seem a rabbinical Christian; by your gesture, an Egyptian-French Magician.

But I pray Gentlemen, what news at London?

Phant. My soul hath overflow'd its banks, and so irritated my animosity against your dissolute, abominable, unchristian, that I am loath to give your plush jacket any other than brutal imprecations.

Thriver. If

Thrice. If you do, pray Sir look be in English. Now L. 11

Phant. Novelties (you would say) according to Country expression, or novel as the French has it, but news according to the Vulgar. Some there is though not much, let me stretch it *Widdowday*, or as the great Major calls it *Widdowday*.

Thrice. If this be your way of telling news, I shall sooner hear thereof from my friends at *London*.

Phant. Well, Ple condescend then to the lambecliness of your veterans capacity. A Saturday night last, I sup'd with *Dick Shallow* in the Strand, (for he and I are so intimately acquainted, that we are never afunder.) A Monday night I came to *Holly-head*, where I found these Gent.

Thrice. The expedition of your Journey seems to me very strange Sir.

Phant. You wou'd not think so, had you but seen me fly through the air. I tell you my horse is so extream swift in his morning, that winged *Vergil* is but a dull Ass to him.

Thrice. I can't but see this wonderful swift Animal, Have you brought him o're with you Sir?

Phant. Dye think that my brain-pan instead of guts, is plentiful with obfuscoscles? though I venture him at land, I do not hazard such a treasure at Sea.

Perry. This is a long parenthesis. You were about to tell the Gentleman some news.

Phant. 'Slife 'tis right; why, then to be short, *London's* *London* name.

Perry. That's without doubt; but have you no stranger news to relate?

Phant. Have but patience, and I shall gradually inform your curiosity. First when Houses and Shops are so dear in *London*, that some Shopkeepers are forc'd to sell their wares in the Country.

Hic. I believe so, and their wearing cloaths too.

Phant. The Mercers and Bookfellers are deeply in law about the Red-simples of *Ludgate*, 'tis disputable which shall carry it. As for *Mongers* that's to be late.

Hic. And so is may stand, for I know not who wou'd willingly take it, but they growne for this conceit.

Perry. Why, the doors were lockt up.

(Exeunt)

Hic. I wonder how thou got'st out then, unless thou hadst
 somebody as penetrating as a spirit.

Phant. And I saw a bill upon 'em.

Hic. That may be, a Doctors pocky bill, or a pocky Doctors
 bill; why, art thou so ignorant, to be guilty of so gross a mis-
 take?

Phant. Thou art as blind as a Polebog Oyster, not to see a
 well digested conceit of mine therein. But to proceed:
 younger Brothers never rack their wits and inventions so
 much as now, to supply their necessary expence. The Ladies
 are grown so insatiate, as that they are not content without
 seven or eight bandy Pensioners, whereby they can hardly
 purchase provocatives enough to render 'em capable of the of-
 fice of a Stallion. False Dice wo'nt avail neither, for the De-
 vil has taught even the Phanatick to be a Gamster. The Sea
 and the Pox has swept away one half of the Cock-neighs, and
 the other half expect to end their daies by hanging-like plum-
 mets to a line, and are in hopes when wounded, to get to Heaven
 by Clockwork.

Contr. What an ass was I, that I could not think of this;
 well, since 'tis not my invention, I'll go and acquaint all the
 Grave-makers in the Town, that there's one has brought in
 an innovation, which may prove destructive to their profession;
 for which I hope they'll immediately dig him a grave, shall at
 least reach to the *Anti-podes*. (sings.)

Phant. *Braking's* now *a la mode*, and that makes this sort
 of a Costermonger in the fashion: (to *Cerberus*) add to him
Bankrupt and *Trustal*, and they'll make a leash of Knights of
 the burning Pestle, that are come into the Western parts for
 strange adventures. This here's contriving to drain *St. George's*
 Channel, being so dangerous to sea-men in Winter time, and
 when 'tis done, he is to have a Patent for the sole transporta-
 tion of Roggs and Laughs of Irish growth into foreign
 parts.

Thrive. But Sir, you've lost the main subject of your discourse
 viz. the famous and now most glorious City, *London*.

Phant. No such matter; there are Cities in *Terra incognita*
 that I have seen nay and been drunk in, (where I lie, for now I
 remember my self, they drink nothing there but Coffee and
 Chocolate.)

Thirst. But what of them?

Thank God that they do. Architecture is so much excel-
lent, as my horse that I told you of, is a better horse before a
golding of fifty pound price.

Thirive, You are a Traveller I perceive then.

But, I am so, 'ciously I do take delight in, which makes me no where a constant resident.

Bank: I believe so, for he will stay in no place longer than he can be cruell.

Phant. Speak once more, and down goes thy brazen head. No Sir, my aim therein was to learn diversity of languages, that thereby I might or will pick up the treasury of knowledge therein contained; and out of the manners of each nation, extract somewhat excellent for my peculiar observation and imitation: what progress I have made herein, let my carriage and language express.

Prayer. Travel I conclude enjoys to many worthy travellers, that the hazard and labour that accompanies it, should not in the least deter us from it: for we are not so to judge the body, as to starve the understanding. This is the ready way to improve an immature judgment. But instead of so, some after a vast expence, return at length only metamorphosed from English Ases, to French Ases.

Phew, Enough, enough, Sir, let's go to the Tavern. The knowledge that this Gentleman has of the City, will inform us where's the best wine. Come old Sir John, you'll favour us with your company.

Thrive. What Tavern d'ys pitch on? the London Ta-
vern?

Bank. No, no, we have had too much to do with London Taverns already.

Thrive. Why then, the Egyptians. (Exodus.)

Enter Confidentiality and Confidentiality

Kiss. Only words (my fair Cassandra) the bliss faster have
 wreath'd upon my hopes, and blown those sparks into
 burning flames, which I receiv'd from the dark womb
 of your lip, exclaiming, "Alas, now I find a fairer kind of
 love than I did think on." The compass'd silence of my breast
 will make it spread like the wing'd bird, sending it's couriers to
 your motion. Fairer (and more worthy of that epithet) of
 all your sex) before I was to me, because Nature has been kinder
 to you, than to your mortal servative system. But will
 their sex's sweet influence be communicative. What try you
 did you say love?

Call. As yet I know not how to convince you, men are prone to promise that in the height of their amorous families, which they never intend to perform: and we poor fair creatures are too good of nature, with such a shining bait of fair promising, to be taken. I know not why you should believe me not to be cruel, when 'tis the proper nature of your sex, 'Tis to be gull'd thereof: otherwile, you would not have so commonly misbegotten us, and if you cannot obtain a fair surrender, you'll attempt the storming of our maiden Castles.

Alas! Madam, let me be exempted out of that number, since my only battery shall be loving Artillery, and my sole appointments. There shall be no double-battle under my command, whose strength or policy you may fear in the least, as dissimulation, flattery, equivocation, false oaths, mutual enemies to us both. My desires are honest, my intentions real, and my requests legal, what then should hinder the crowning of our loves?

Soft Sir, let not your confident hopes o're run your
reason and discretion, y^ere in my opinion too hot upon the
offer, and such commonly come off with the loss of our mem-
ber

(73)
her or other. He advised therefore, and let time which tries all things, try also the reality of your affection, to whole tell me when you for a while. (Exit.)

Killa. Delays to me are but for denials: a long grace suits not with a sharp stomach: It's their subtilty that to hold us in suspence, the more to inflame our desires. Methinks I could now as willingly hate every part of her face, as formerly I lov'd the whole for her sake, but that I am partly offer'd my Mother's a woman.

Petr. Mothers here is one beating de dore, wou'd make speak for dy hull.

Killa. Yet I cannot but love her, her sweet Idea is too deeply rooted in my heart, so easily to be pull'd out: I never did any eyes behold a fairer object, there's now the sole and constant subject of my cogitations.

Petr. O yes, between me and God schern, my Mothers will make mad for my hull. Upstart and supjack, shoo tunc de Deole ale thee.

Killa. No I must smother the ripe sallies of my inflam'd desires, and study what it is to be men again, and how much these admired pieces of imperfection fall short of his merit. Whilst I was scouring the Mountains and shipping the Dogs, not sparing the very spawns of rebellion, Thine none of these quails. Thou'd have then driven a score or two of these white cloven Devils, without pity or regard. But since Mrs. *Stee* came acquainted with us, she has perswaded us to change our Head-piece for a soft Pillow, the ground covered with the spangled Canopy of Heaven's for a down-bed, and that's enough too without a witch. Great Mercies be, and conjure this Devil love out of me.

Petr. By my Gossops hand, and my Fathers saddle, *Killa* will be much fear by and presently, to see my Mothers make conjuration. Mrs. *Moisture* by St. Sunday, tis ill kind for dy Fathers sild, to be making speech wit dy self, and nobody, Be we set and be, I do hate de De-vil, as I do Oliver's soujer, and if he come presently, my self will run away. (Arises).

Killa. Patrick.

Petr. Sha, sha, suggest me Mothers.

Killa. What's the matter?

Petr. Dere is one wu'd fain be speaking for de. (Exit.)

Act 1 Scene 3

*Enter Thriwell, Pergrine, Bankrupt, Conspirator
and Traffick.*

Thrive. And is it possible Sir, that you are old *Pergrine's* Son, the *East India Merchant*? for your Fathers sake (whose memory I honour) command me wherein I may be serviceable to you; let me request you to be no stranger to my house.

Pergr. Thanks is the least I can render you Sir, for this great favour.

Thrive. If my heart speak not in my tongue, let my name be blasted with perpetual ignominy.

Pergr. What ever others speak malevolently of fortune, I must proclaim her constant in her propitious smiles on me. Though I have travel'd from Pole to Pole, I ever found some civil, even among the barbarous.

Thrive. Mr. *Bankrupt*, sure I should know you Sir, I've been acquainted with the name, and not unlikely your self.

Bank. Sir, my name is so common every where, that 'tis no great wonder if I am mistaken in the knowledge of me.

Thrive. But I shall easily convince you that I am not mistaken by particularizing where you liv'd. Were not you a Colours-man in *Carmelil, London*?

Test. Heaven grant a does not betray us. (Aside.)

Bank. I confesse I was ever a man of a good colour, and could colour well what I did. But I know not your meaning Sir. Now had I rather been in *St. Georges Channel* in a great storm, than to have met with this man. (Aside.)

Con. Would I were employ'd by the King for the finding out *Obrazul* to rid me of my present fears. (Aside.)

Thrive. Sir fear not that my knowledge of you, shall prove detrimental, but rather tend to your future security.

Test. I'm glad 'tis come to that, I was just at my wits end. (Aside.)

Con. And so was I too, I lik'd him not at first sight, 'twas so forward to be acquainted with us. (Aside.)

Bank. Being then confident of your fidelity, I shall commit to your charge a secret.

Thrive.

Thrive. Which you may be confident I shall keep safe.

Bank. Trade failing, and my creditors too hasty to receive, what my debtors were too slow in paying me, I was necessitated to fly from perpetual imprisonment. All that the suddenness of my departure wu'd permit me to take, I've brought hither; upon which slender basis, I intend to raise the structure of a future livelyhood, This Gent. Mr. *Trustall*, is a fellow-sufferer with me in the same condition.

Contr. Nay Gentlemen, since ye have made Mr. *Thrivewell* your Confessor, 'a shall be mine too; I'll promise you Sir, I stay'd in *London* so long for my own pleasure, that my Creditors had like to have made me stay a little longer for theirs.

Peregr. Faith Gentlemen, I suspected no lesse, though common civility wu'd not permit me to vent my thoughts. I rejoice at your escape, 'tis enough that you have your liberty; for 'tis such an instrument that if you make good use on't, 'twil procure you a being any where; What think you of me? I was never brought up to any Trade, yet live handsomly; I confesse I was born to land, and enjoy'd it so long, till I was weary on't, and then was never at rest, till out of that dirty lump, I had extracted a pure and portable *Elixir*. In short, to free my self from that trouble & vexation that are the inseperable companions of Lands and Tenements, I sold 'em. (*Caveat Emptor*) The monies I have long since spent, yet want not; the Earth's large, and has enough, (and to spare) to supply the wants of all her industrious children. He that has wit, (I think needs no plow; the apprehension of which persuades me, not to be confin'd to any place. My great Grand-father *Adam*, (Emperour of the whole world) left me something every where, and I find it truly paid me where e're I come.

Thrive. I must needs crave your pardon for my abrupt leaving you, I have businesse of concernment (which I had almost forgot) that requires me, and I hope we shall henceforth be no strangers to each other, (*Exit*.)

Contr. My Masters, we have trifled away too much time already, 'twere very requisite we redeem what's lost, by making treble use of the present. Preferring employments will neither proffer nor prostitute themselves, unlesse we court them with labour and expence; as for my part (according to the proverb) *emptum lapidem movebo*, not leave a stone unturned, 'till my desires

fires by my endeavours are arrived at the Cape of good hope.

Trust. Mr. *Contriverr*, though you are as much a stranger to this Country as we, yet I look upon you to be better skilld in projecting: your advice therefore, what course were we best to take?

Perogr. As I'm a Gentleman, if you'll take my opinion with you, I'm clearly for the second course, but believe me 'twere best for you to take some speedy course, lest e're long, a red Herring make up all the courses in your dinner; if you'll consult where's the best Sack, how to procure a handsome Girl, and a good noise of Musick, (they'r best together) I'll be of your counsel, otherwise I shall leave you to your worldly thoughts.

Contr. Sir, you may be much deceived in your conceited happinesse, though fortune hitherto has look'd smilingly upon you, don't therefore vainly imagine, that she doats on you as her Minion. Woful experience has forc'd her chiefest favorites to confesse, that she is *nunquam stabili*, and by taking no more than she gave, leaves 'em in a condition far more miserable than e're she found 'em.

Perogr. I value neither the Krumpets love nor hatred, I'm proof against the worst she can inflict on me; what e're it be, *aquo animo feram*. Adversity shall not depress me so low, as to make me forget what I was, nor prosperity exalt me so high, as to slight my friend.

Contr. First Sirs, let's provide us convenient lodgings, that done we may talk of our business at leisure.

Trust. Let's about it then; but what's become of *Phantastick*, *Mic & Abique*, and Mrs. *Hopewell*? tha've given us the slip.

Bank. They desir'd to be excus'd, being gone to procure Mrs. *Hopewell* a lodging.

Contr. And I warrant you they intend to take up their quarters with her; 'twas cunningly plotted. (*Exeunt.*)

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT
(The second Act follows in the next page)



Act 1. Scene 4.

Enter Mrs. Hopewell sola.

Mrs. Hope. In a strange Country! all strangers too! no acquaintance! no kindred! four hundred miles from home, and a woman too! what condition is more uncomfortable than mine? Alas! me thinks I cu'd take pleasure in my tears, and with sharp blustering sighs, blow sweetness upon my sorrows: But stay, I'll not grow desperate, but recollect my thoughts, and play bad cards at the best advantage; I will implore aid from Heaven, and study how I may become a favorite to each Deity; pluck up my failing spirits, and preserve my disconsolate and despairing self with comfortable hopes and expectations. Nature took pains in forming me beautiful, and age has not so much impair'd it, but that there's enough still to attract both love and pity from any breast that is amorous. Why may not I then follow the presidents of thousands of our sex, that in the ebb of their prosperities, have angled with their wits (baited with their beauties) in the swift streams of affection, whence they have drawn up large and rich fishes, without breaking the honourable line of their reputation. That I am a Wife 'tis too certain, but here are none that know it; therefore will I conceal it, and act the part of a Widow, yet never wrong my Husband. Time cannot but furnish me with acquaintance, and when I find my self courted by a person considerable, I'll meet his flames with pretended affections, so far as shall strengthen his perseverance, yet still maintain the principle of my own integrity. *Enter Phantastick and Hic & ubique.*

Phant. What my fellow Traveller? How is it now? what think you of Ireland?

Hope. In truth Sir, I know not, but I hope well still.

Hic. Gramercy wench, keep in that mind, and the more to

encourage thee, thou shalt never want the benefit of man or money, whilst I am furnish'd with either.

Hope. I thank you, good Sir, I wish I may deserve your kindnesse.

Phant. Want! by this hand I shall not want; Lady, believe me here's money enough, and when this is spent, ne're fear but we'll have more; all which, and my self, are at your service, command either, or both together. I have the spirit of a Gentleman, and I must drink Sack.

Hope. By no means Sir, you have been too lavish already, and this Gentleman likewise; I shall beg your pardon, tis time to repair to my lodging.

Hic. Faith then, Madam, we'll wait upon you thither.

Phant. I wud not lose that honour, nor become guilty of so grand an absurdity, as to neglect it, for the best Jewel in Queen *Dido's* Cabinet; no Madam, tis early yet, and before we mew up our selves in our lodgings, we'll take a walk, and recreate our selves with the various objects of the City; and as you view it, take notice of what you like best; I'll procure it --- here's heavy Gold, and a light heart boys --- ha --- honest *Hic*, what saist thou to't?

Hic. I say, spend it all quickly, and then you'll have a light pocket too.

Phant. Thou purs'st me in the mind of a common saying here, that those that come hither are not in a probability of thriving, til they have spent what English money they brought with them, if this be true, Ple make all the hast I can.

Hic. Nay, rather than you should be too much put to't, He help you, that you may the sooner sit down in the predicament of bettering your condition.

Hope. You invent this discourse, I conceive, only to make your selves merry.

Phant. Faith we are the sons of mirth and pleasure; delight and handsom Ladies (such as your self) are the only Loadstones of our desires. We adore no Deities but *Bacchus* and *Venus*. Let the Usurer fall down and worship his bags, groaning under the weight of 'em: Let the Soldier fight for honour till his forward limbs be drencht in blood, by the sword of his conquering Enemy; Let the Schollar quarrel in Logical Arguments, pickt out of *Ramus*, till he break *Priscian's* head. Let

us drink Sack, which will make us conceit our selves to have that which they so Rrenuously contend for; to the obtaining of which let's lose no time. (Exit)

Act 1. Scene 5.

Enter *Thrivewell* and *Bankrupt*.

Thrivew. Mr. *Bankrupt*, you are much mistaken in your opinion of *Dublin*; by that time you have been here as long as I, you may experimentally know the contrary.

Bank. You have good cause to think the best on't, however Sir, as having gotten a good estate in't.

Thrive. I may thank a good careful Wife for't; though I say't, she's handfom too, and yet I dare say, honest withall. A merry Grig, to give Guests content. When I came over first, I knew not what to have done without her; for, by waicing a great while for a very beneficial employment, which I was promised by this great man and 'other, all my money was gone, then cu'd I not stoop to be a Drawer, that was so lately a Master, at length my wife had taken a house unknown to me, and I know not how it came to pass, got so much credit as to furnish it besitting lodgers. In a short time all our rooms were fill'd with Gallants; and to accomodate them better, we kept a cup of very good Beer, as also a bottle of Wine. Then cu'd I ride abroad, and stay a month together, yet still the trade went on at home; and such a one it was, that it quickly rais'd me monies to purchase this Tavern I now live in, well furnisht with wine; but fortune's not alike favourable to all, according to that old saying.

Non cuiusvis homini contingit adire corinthum.

Bank. Few women make manifest by their lives, the intents of their creation, that is to be an help to man, and that's it makes me the more admire your wife. I've heard of many that have undone their Husbands, but few that prefers the welfare of 'em, before the indulging of their own luxurious (and often lustfull) appetites. I cu'd wish my own condition did not prompt me to say what I do.

I have a Wife ('twere well, if I never had any) who lives, I fear to be a continual thorn in my side. What I gather'd she scatter'd; yet durst not reprehend her for't, till 'twas palpably known, she admitted others to her embraces besides my self. Perceiving and fore-seeing my downfall, she hastens it by the taking what cash she cu'd, and left me to be devour'd by my merciless creditors; had not sudden flight (as I told you) prevented it.

Thrive. I pity your condition, and dowish I knew any way that might now be a support unto you, for I assure you this is a place wherein 'tis no easie matter to borrow money, nay, or be trusted long for meat and drink; Provision indeed is cheap, because money is scarce; yet good liquor is dear, 'cause there are so many that will pawn their cloaks, but the're have it; and much good may do 'em; for my part I shall ne're fear a scarcity thereof, since ther's almost as many Ale-houses, as good fellows; to be short, those that live heer, are all old Soldiers, and such you know, fight cunningly. 'Tis a great oversight me thinks, in the English Gentry, in sending their Children into forreign parts, to learn wit and manners, whereas it were far more expedient to send 'em hither; for here they may so learn to live, as to live any where: And after seven years abroad in this country, they need never fear being troubled with the falling Sicknes.

Bank. Sir, I doubt your discourse favours more of wit, than truth. But how wu'd you advise me to secure my self from my debts in London? As for protection, by reason of the many abuses occasion'd by 'em, they are cald in, I hear.

Thrive. However fear not: Ther's a great Gulf man betwixt you, and your creditors.

Bank. I but these letters of Attorney, I fear 'em more, than the lark does the hobby.

Thrive. You trouble your self to no purpose.

Bank. But is't not usual for such letters to be sent over, the witnesses being sworn in Chancery.

Thrive. Such a thing may be, but then ther's a remedy; if ere it comes to that, repair to me, and I'll shew you the hole, that I my self crept through upon the like account.

Bank.

Bank. You have much eard me of my fears. But still I'm in a labrynth of cares, how I shall live, since the currant of my money is but small, and will soon be wasted, without some rivolets of supply. Well, I must pinch this carcass, as much as e're I pamper'd it. *O London, London!* The very naming thee doth disturb me, and the fixing of my thoughts thereon, almost destracts me.

Thrive. Indeed Mr. *Bankrupt* you'r too blame to complain, thus in vain; what can't be cur'd, must be indur'd. Be of good comfort. *Dum Spiro Spero*, you see as old as I am; I have not forgot all my latine.

Bank. O Sir, your long absence from that famous City, hath made you forget it's stately building, pleasant walks; with a hundred delighting places for pastime; wherein all pleasure is Epitomis'd and contracted. How oft have I there plung'd over head and ears in all sorts of delight, feasting my senses with those things, that are most suitable to each! But I'll ne're think on those dayes, since I never expect to enjoy the like.

Thrive. Bravely resolv'd, and to begin, I think you were best to dispose of those fine Cloaths, that saw some of those fine dayes, lest they shu'd put you in mind on 'em again; theile you two or three good Bundle suites, with last ing Woolen stockings, which will be much more convenient for this Country weeping weather, you must expect to find here little, other than rany or windy, and the reason is according to some Rabbyes opinions, because the windy God *Bolus*, and phlegmatick *Luna* are in contention, whither the one shall make it his Court, or the other her pispot. The natives yeild submission to the God, for which the goddess punish 'em with an hereditary disease, called the fundametal thorow-goe-nimble. I'me sure I have been troubled with it four or five dayes—your pardon—your pardon Sir (*Exit* as untrussing)

Bank. If his Wife were to look for him now, she might quickly find him out by the scent (*Exit*)

Act 1. Scene 6.

Enter *Cassandra* sola.

Cass. Whither shall I fly for refuge? what Sanctuary can protect me from this pursuing shadow, which like some ill *Genius* still follows me, I fear, to the utter ruine of my rest. My antipathy against him is so strong, that rather than admit of his love, I cu'd be content to court some hedge-born slave, whose raggs and rudeness render him a fit companion for swine and dunghills. And yet I know not why, love seldome gives a reason for what it does. Methinks his embraces are like the circling of Snakes, his voice like the howling of a Wolf, and his smiles like the grinning of a Monkey. (Enter *Kiltery*.)

Kilt. Well overtaken Lady. (*she offers to go*) Nay, be not so hard harted as to leave me thus, who loves you dearly.

Cass. Pray forbear Sir, the bias of my thoughts run otherwaies; therefore give me leave to enjoy the benefit of my freedom, which shu'd I loose (but as yet it lies in my power to preserve) I shu'd account my self most miserable.

Kilt. You shall not loose, but enlarge it; for you shall enjoy a man, the bouncey of whose affections shall dayly multiply your happiness. I'll be your Guardian, and defend you from every storm of aproaching injury.

Cass. My fears ———

Kilt. What?

Cass. Nothing, if you and love ne're come near me.

Kilt. Wu'd you be so uncharitable as to live in hate?

Cass. No, by my Virgin-whiteness, I've charity for all men; but was never yet fond enough to give away my self.

Kilt. 'Tis common to your sex.

Cass. And may be proper for me hereafter, but as yet I could never see that man I cu'd love so well.

Kilt. Is there no hopes for me then?

Cass. Truly Sir, I think none.

Kilt.

Kiss. Why then did you give me hopes, when you told me you would leave me to the test of time?

Cass. That was but to stop your importunity.

Kiss. How long will you leave me to that tedious way?

Cass. For ever.

Kiss. Say you so? — This is not the way (aside) O — come Lady, I will.

Cass. Do what Sir?

Kiss. Make you my Bride.

Cass. But I say, you shall never.

Kiss. And to begin I must —

Cass. Must what?

Kiss. Kiss you, Lady.

Cass. Pray forbear Sir.

Kiss. Into oath I must.

Cass. Truly you must not, (kisses her) *he Sir, I was never acquainted with such rudeness and rumbling before. — If you'll not be civil, He cry out, and make your credit suspected. Pray Sir believe me, I swear I cannot love you.*

Kiss. I do — and know I am not such a fool, He can be passionate in love with a Statue: I value not your disdain; and do not think your imaginary beauty is able to make me pule, whine, and exclaim against Heaven. Alas, you have no Virtue, but what men's fond conceits and fabled praises invent you withall: I confess I have all dubiously enough, by which you maintain and keep up your good estimation among men: The height of your wisdom consists in I, and No, and you must be accounted solid and prudent, though you cannot speak three words of sense, or would you have obtained the gift of Silence; and you must be recognized by all means too, because you have the Art of concealing your deeds of darkness, to temperate, as if your bodies required moderation, forbearing in the presence of men, whereas your stomachs upon their appetites, to feed *Cormorant-like* in private. Wine is inflaming, and flies up into the face; and therefore you are only for sips, till you come among your Good Ship, and then you can drink, pottle, afterpotles, with a small Canoe of two, that contain gallies a piece, and being elevated, you talk of things that do not concern you. Having overgorg'd yourselves, you pretend you are not well, and to

go to bed. Lastly, so cleanly, that you wu'd persuade us you evacuate no excrement.

Cass. I can enquire no longer: farewell Sir, this discourse wu'd have better suited with a Bear-garden, exclaiming against some Apple-woman for not selling twelve a penny.

Kilt. Oh I have brought your Copy-hold: now wu't sufficiently reveng'd; I must study to forget her: yet notwithstanding I have so much inveigh'd against her sex, my heart spake otherwise; questionlesse Woman is a most divine Creature, and therefore worthily deserves to be beloved: but he rest awhile,

Until Experience tells me I have found

One free to love, and is with beauty crown'd.

Enter Patrick crying.

Patr. Euillilation?

Kilt. How now Sarah?

Patrick. The denny fellow make buse for my Moister.

Kilt. What Fellow?

Patrick. He was no Songster nor Muskettier, but a greyshe Guddy hang of a Peck-man.

Kilt. And what of him?

Patr. Foy by St. Patrick, agur, he put de fuckation upon my weef. I will tell de tale if thou wilt Glum amee. I came in wid my pissfork upon my back, thou know'st, and I see a greyshe Guddy hang upon my weef, and I did creep in like a miehear, to the wattle upon de loft shew thou know'st, and there I did see putting the great fuck upon my weef, as if thy own self wathere Moister, and because I wu'd make haile, I fell down upon 'em, and leek to have more than half break my neck; then wid my pissfork I slap him upon de Narfom, and I did make charge for him in the Kings name, thou know'st, to say dere til I fetch the Gunt-stable; but before I came, this chverech crave Raugs make run away for himself, and lonky there Moister.

Kilt. Why what wu'dst have me doe?

Patr. Foe can take my weef to thine own self, for Patrick will not lie with his weef again.

Kilt. Why wu'dst have me lie with her?

Patr. Yea free if thou wilt.

Kilt.

Kiln. Oh Sir, 'tis to great a favour, I shall never be able to make your brogues a requital: Howevertake this (Richd bin) in part of satisfaction; nay, this (Richd bin) too, that I may come out of your debt the sooner.

First Act Printed.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Enter Phantastick, His & Ubique, and S. Pouch.

S. Pouch. Really yare the prittiest, sweetest natur'd Gent. And the merriest Guest, that ever I entertain'd in my life, and I am sure I have been an house-keeper this seventeen years, come *Candlemas*.

Phant. Faith Landlady, 'tis my custom to be merry where ere I come. I must be like my self, noble and generous. I can as well be hang'd as degenerate from a Gentleman.

His. Hang all base pinching Misers, greedy Earth-worms, that place all their delight in melancholly possetting, not merrily spending, and emptying their full crams bags.

Let 'em rot with their cares,

And worldly affairs,

And worm-eat their souls with their treasures

Those only live brave,

That spend what they have,

And sin out their lives in their pleasures.

Therefore we will shape

Our Designs for the Grapes,

Where Rancy is feather'd with freedom,

Our souls do disdain

The world with its vain

Give Riches to slaves that need none

Phant. Gramercy *Hic.* the lines are indifferant, and wud sound better, were not that throat of thine so much like the hals of a *Leane like Horn-pipe*, whilst thy *Legible rime Divisions* like a Ram in a halter.

S. Pouch. Ha, ha, ha, that was a wittie one; y'are an arch Wag, Ile warrant you.

Phant. If you mean an arch Wag-tail, y'ave hit the nail oth'head.

Hic. But Landlady, they say y'are well read.

Phant. And so the report goes of thee; but tis in two leav'd books.

S. Pouch. I know not how well I read, but I have read much.

Hic. What Authors?

S. Pouch. In my youthfull daies, the most part of the Garland of good will, the Seven wife Masters, &c. and there was not a godly Ballad that escap'd my hands.

Hic. What next?

S. Pouch. That good man Mr. *Partridge* his works, and what else the Brethren publisht.

Hic. The Fathers of your Church you mean.

S. Pouch. Well Gent. as simply as look, my first Husband was a School-Master of great learning, and so given to his Scholarship, that a wud not ask me for a melle of broth but in *Latin*, and for moe like when I had a mind too; y wud wode me to lie with him in *Greek*, or *Hebrew*. So that I was forc'd to learn my *Accidence* to understand him.

Hic. And did a not teach ye?

S. P. Yes, the first thing a told me was, that a Noun Substantive is the name of a thing—that may be seen, felt, and understood.

Phant. Admirable!

S. P. And that a Noun Adjective could not And—by it self, but requir'd another thing—to be join'd with it. And then a taught me to decline *Lyrides*, and *Hic, bac, boc, Gen. mborum, barm, wborum.*

Hic. And why not *hac*?

S. P. Because I will have it to want the singular number. But to proceed, I soon understood *Proysa* & *Maribus*. As for *Qua Genus*, I judg'd there was but little use to be made thereof.

Hic. Why for?

S. P. Why

S. P. Why what can a Woman do with insufficient *Arithmetick*?
Hic. Deficient you mean. Now what?

S. P. 'Tis all one. Therefore I skip over to *Arithmetick*, which I show you at my fingers ends.

Phant. Did you learn your figures?

S. P. Yes; I want not your figures enough to make ye be in my debt as long as ye live.

Phant. I mean *Syncope, Apocope, &c.*

S. P. I know not what you mean by *Link-a-piffle*, or a pocky peece. I mean round O's for shillings, and half O's for pence.

Hic. Have you no better *Arithmetick*?

S. P. I have learnt *Multiplication*, and the *Rule of Three*, I hope that's enough for a Woman.

To conclude, my Husband taught me so exactly prick-song, that in a short time I taught a many to play on the Band whose using (a free & compendious manner) but three Notes, *Large, Long, and Quaver*.

Phant. I need not have thought you so well qualified. But Landlady, a word in your ear.

Can you help us to a pretty Wench? I'm in the briskest humour.

O I cud.

S. P. What cud you do?

Hic. You may know his meaning by his gapping.

S. P. Whats that?

Phant. Why a-----

S. P. If you talk like this, I'll not venture my self in your company any longer.

Phant. Come, what Sinner dost a know from fifteen to forty?

S. P. 'Tis pittie such handsome Gent: as you are should long stand in need of that which you complain for the want of.

I must confesse I shud think it a sin to denie either of you, upon that account, (you know my meaning) wert not a sin to do'r.

As our Teacher Mr. Giggum has often hinted when a has ca'n the pains to hold forth at a private meeting.

Hic. How now Landlady, what casting's this? pray let's have no more of hinting, and holding forth; they are not only words obsolete, but they savour likewise too much of rebellion and treachery.

S. P. I hope Sir, you are not angry?

Hic. No, not I, but giggling (as you say) you may use; it's a good ancient word, and still in fashion.

Phant. And holding forth in some sense, is good too.

S. P. Well,

S. P. Well, Gent: what are you think of me now? I knew the time when brave Sparks would have been glad of my company, and would not have sat down to dinner without me. Who then but Madam *Peach*? rull'd every day in my fillet, and wore *Laces* that cost many a fair pound; I'm sure been Gosch'd to this Tavern and to that, and in a frolick would have drank my Wine freely, God forgive me for't now! All my Neighbours did admire me. There was not any fashion stirring but I wud ha't, what ere it cost: and truly in every thing I was so neat.

Hic. So it seems Landlady by your present dresse.

Phant. Well, I think 'tis now near the critical hour, when Mortals whet their knives on thresholds. What's for dinner? the edge of my stomach's as sharp as a Turkish Scymitar.

S. P. Truly Sir, I have nothing but a Calfs-head and Bacon and a fow'd Hogs Countenance; what think you of that Sir?

Phant. Well enough, but that the continual sight thereof manifests my stomach. Sir with his Calfs head is always our first course, and not a dish afterwards brought to the Table, but what is usher'd in with a Sows Phisnony. Prepare ready what you have, and we'll be with you instantly.

S. P. I shall, and though our meat be homely, yet 'tis cleanly; pray don't stay too long. (Exit.)

Hic. Oh! 'tis a prettie beast; the smile she left behind her, with the court she dropt, has given me my dinner.

Phant. How she curvess'd at every word she spake!

Hic. And her breach kill'd Musket shot.

Phant. Here she wud inform an ingenious Artificer to proportion the minutes of his Clock; for they are in continual motion, and keep time direct and retrograde.

Hic. What a hand she had! the true proportion of a shoulder of Mutton. As for her middle part, (if they correspond with the rest) I shall look upon that man that durst adventure to lie with her, as desperate as Sir *Francis Drake* in shooting the Gulf. Let's in to dinner. (Exit.)

Ad 2. Scene 2.

(Enter *Cymon*.)

Contr. Dull Droner — a little pain might drain a bog, I think — as calli as the Pens, and here's a

Great

great many. He about it presently, lest the *ambibim* Dutch prevent me. But how shall this be done? Thus ---- (Enter *Phantastick* and *Hic*) the Bogs lie near the Mountains, which will afford me earth enough to dam 'em up: but first he lay a foundation of hurdles, such as *Dublin* is built on, to support that Mass of Earth. So it shall be: tis as clear as a Mathematical Demonstration. The benefit that will redound hereby, will be triple. First a vast quantity of unprofitable Acres made arable, next a discovery (it may be) of gold and silver Mines, which the barrenness of the Mountains demonstrate: and lastly metamorphosing a mountainous into a Champaign Country. Here's the work on't, I shall loose my name by't. The King will confer on me little less than the Title of Duke of Mountain, Earl of *Monab*, or Lord *Drain-bog*.

Phant. Surely *Gog Magog* ne'r talke thus.

Hic. A good reason why, he ne'r had that this fellow has.

Phant. What's that prithce?

Hic. A Maggot in's head as big as a Congre Eel.

Phant. I do not think but a as swallow'd *Euclid's Elements*.

Hic. How do ye Mr. *Contriver*? are ye well?

Contr. Yes, pray how do you?

Phant. Never better; the Duke of *Utopia* lives not merrier than us; we eat, drink, and sleep, without the least care; for our hearts are so continually oil'd by good liquor, that they are antidoted against sorrow.

Contr. For how long?

Phant. The question's grosse, pray let the thought thereof trouble you as little as it does us: We'l ne'r want it while we have any thing, and when we ha't not, we'l try our credits and rack 'em.

Contr. And that's the way to crack 'em.

Hic. Not so, as long as we have bold faces to back 'em.

Contr. To rime to that, I wish you ne'r may lack 'em.

Phant. What, bold faces?

Contr. No, I mean your Credits; *Phantastick*, be rul'd by me, and he make thee a man.

Phant. Why what dost make on me now, an Ass?

Contr. No, I'm serious; the foundation of your well-being cannot be laid firm upon such sandy bottoms, as the tenure of your discourse discovers.

Phant.

Phan. You talk like your self, full of projects, and he's a won worth a blew bead: but what wuld I have me to do?

Contr. The very day did I find in an old Map, a *Burrow* with its Neighbour, that there is such a place, is without doubt, and as report goes, very rich, and inhabited by very ignorant people: this I'd have thee do, let me have thy money to carry on the design, and he's fear, but this working pate will soon make a discovery.

Phan. Prithee good *Soliman* simple let thy heart at rest, I have better things to employ my money about.

Contr. Well, think what you please of me, had I but money enough now, I've a hundred projects to increase it by.

Phan. What an Ass art thou to trouble that contriving sconce of thine with vain *Chimeras*: had I so much money as thou speakest of, I would tell thee how I would dispose of it: first, my house shud be built by such rare Architects, every one an *Archimedes*, (or a *Sebastian Shilly* at least) that the sight thereof shud strike the spectators into an amazement, or *Gargen* like converse 'em into Statues: my Gardens and Walks therein shud be composed of nothing but pleasure, in whose shady *Meanders Venus* shud have a thousand Chappels of ease. But chiefly my Cellars shud be throng'd with all sorts of rich Wine, and shud be free for all good fellows. My Larders replenish'd with Neats congers, *Ocellular* hams, *Pottages*, *Cavere*, *Othons*, and such like; all for to relish our liquor: and then Jesters, Musicians, and exquisite beauties shud be our menial servants.

Hic. You wud permit me to be your Poet to compose Songs for your Musick; and provoke your dul'd desires by amorous Sonnets.

Phan. Prithee do'nt interupt me: to be short, whatever nature produces to be extremely delightful, that wud I possess my self of, neither wud I enjoy this alone excepting my Concubines.

Hic. Twas well you made that exception: for that stable that admits of all sorts of horses to litter in, now and then meets with a running Nag.

Contr. Pray on Sir, about your *Utopia*.

Phan. I wud keep open house for all roaring Blades, and one part of my pastime shud be to make 'em drunk: the Gentry shud ride home in Coaches, and the servants follow after in wheelbarrows.

Contr.

Cent. Mad, stark mad. When you have obtain'd your wishes, will you not reserve a place for me?

Phant. By all means, why thou shouldst be my contriving Cocks-comb, or my Fool; but that I fear thou hast not wit enough.

Cent. I am bound to thank you Sir, but this discourse suits not with my business: you may please your self for a while in your own fond conceits, and soon after see the folly of 'em.

Hic. See how the Maggot bites (*aside*.)

Cent. Well, I see our purposes run in two several channels, therefore it will be needless to entertain any further discourse.

Phant. Fare you well with your plots, let us mind our pleasures. (*Exeunt*)

Act 2. Scene 3.

(Enter Thriewel, Bankrupt, Peregrine, Truwall.)

Thriewel. Gent. to say y'are welcome is no more than the custom of our calling allows every man; yet I'll not complement, what my house affords, freely call for. First seat yourself, next what wine d'ya drink?

Boy (within, by and by Sir) enters.

Peregrine. I think a glass of Canary.

Thriewel. There's your mistake Sir, you'll find but little of that here, but for Sherry and Malaga, London affords no better.

Peregrine. What you please then.

Thriewel. Boy, draw a quart of Sack out of the sixteenth Butt in the middle range.

Truwall. I'm glad to hear you are so well Lord.

Thriewel. And so am I too: since I came to this City I could not command so many full bottles, as now I can Butts.

Truwall. The case is well alter'd with you.

Bankrupt. Why then had we dispate.

Thriewel. Tis so, and now I live happy in the enjoyment of my Wife and an only Daughter.

Bankrupt. How old Sir I pray.

Thriewel. About eighteen, and though I say't, her wit, beauty and breeding contend for preeminence: you shall see her.

Boy call hither Cassandra.

(Enter Cassandra.)

Bankrupt.

E

Peregrine.

Pereg. This is a favour beyond expectation.

Thrive. So that's well,

Cass. Your pleasure Sir?

Pereg. Madam excuse my rudeness. *(Salutes her.)*

Thrive. My pleasure is, that you go to your Mother and d'ye hear — *(whispers, and then goes.)*

Pereg. Nay Madam, let me present my service to you in a glass of wine, *(drinks.)* I ca'd with the enjoyment of your company a little while, were the motion approv'd of by your fair self, I question not your Fathers allowance.

Cass. Sir your pardon, my Fathers commands oblige me otherwist. *(Exit.)*

Pereg. Ald. *Thrivewell*, I wonder at you.

Thrive. Why?

Pereg. That you are not infinitely proud.

Thrive. For what?

Pereg. Being the Father of such an incomparable piece of beauty.

Thrive. You flatter me.

Pereg. I never was accus'd to't. O Love I never felt thy all-searching power til this minute. *(Aside.)*

Thrive. Come, to all our friends in England. *(Drinks.)*

(Enter Omtriver projecting with himself.)

Whose that? Mr. *Contriver*, y'are come very oportunely.

Contr. So it seems.

Thrive. Well, what news abroad?

Contr. I know not, but I think e're long, the Inhabitants of this world, will all turn either fools, knaves, or mad-men.

Thrive. Why, what's the matter now?

Contr. Why, I have been to have a bill accepted, and the man perswades me, I forg'd it my self; if it be not so, he's a knave to refuse it; if it be so, then was I a very fool to do it so as he should discover it.

Thrive. Here's the knave, and the fool, or the fool and the knave, but where's the mad-man?

Contr. Phantastick, and Hic & Whic. I came now from disswading 'em from their distrustive courses, yett in they hold, that they were born to no other end, than to enjoy pleasure; & they say ther's but one duty in, and that's good husbandry; they talk of nothing, but Wine, Wenches, and merrit, how to make

make men drunk, and to send 'em home in wheelbarrows, and such like trumpery. And so I left 'em to come and speak with you about some business.

Ferr. Alderman, for this courtesie I shall be better acquainted with your house.

Bank. And remain we your debtors. (Exit.)

Contr. 'Tis thus, I understand that there's just now arrived two Ships laden with french wine; if you make hast you may have the first sight of 'em.

Trive. I thank you good Sir, I'll go instantly. (Exit.)

Contr. This plot of mine hath taken rarely well; this will occasion his absence for some considerable time, which wil give me a fair opportunity to court his Daughter *Cassandra*. (Exit.)

Act 2. Scene 4.

Enter *Phantastick*, *Hic* & *ubique* and *Mrs. Hopwel*.

Phant. S'life y'are too coy for a man of my temper, these long graces have too much of a phanatick relish. Come, you may guess at my meaning, few words among friends are best.

Mrs. Hop. I hope Sir, you won't rayish me.

Hic. By Heavens Lady, as long as I'me hear, he sha'nt injure you, for I have more than ordinary respects for you.

Phant. Who you? why thou pittiful poor inconsiderable thing, made up of the parings of *Priscians* nails, mingled with the excrements of *Mary*, dost thou undertake to be her Champion, and dost not deserve to be her Foot-boy? I durst swear the very sight of a drawn sword, shall make thee run seven miles, without once looking behind thee.

Hic. I regard not thy cholerick expressions, but be confident thy over self-conceitedness, (*Narcissus* like) will hasten thy ruine. In any thing that may be termed good in thee, thy eyes like drunkards see all double, and thy opinionative fancy, like a multiplying glass, makes a molehil seem a mountain: thus admiring thy self, thou vainly dost imagine, that every one that does but look on thee, does the like. Yet know I've as much interest here as thou.

Mrs. Hop. Pray Gentlemen let not me be the subject of your quarrel; I equally respect you both, til my judgment shall be ballanc'd by him that loves me most.

Phant. Why then thee's mine by *Priapus* --- Lady by all ---

Hic. Who gave you leave to speak first, she freely confesses I have an equal share with you in her affections.

Mrs. Hope. One as much as t'other, & that's none at all. (*Aside.*)

Phant. But Sir, as I'me your superior many degrees, desist from interrupting me, or I shall quickly send you to that place where you must be content to wait churlish *Choroni* leisure for your passage.

Mrs. Hope. If I can but keep my countenance now I shall have fine sport between 'em. (*Aside.*)

Phant. Madam, I make no question but my services have acquainted you with the height of my love, and therefore what I now can say will be but a tautology. You're not ignorant that I am not only a Gentleman, but a Traveller too, and to shew you what quaint observations I have gathered abroad, I'll first represent to your view the common salutations of each Country. Thus the neat French mode, thus the proud and stately Spanish, --- (may hold still) or thus after the devouring Italian manner, I shall omit the flustering Dutch fashion, as too clownish for my imitation.

Mrs. Hope. Sir your Prologue's too long.

Hic. Wud a were come to his Epilogue once. (*Aside.*)

Phant. To please you Madam then I'll be shorter.

Hic. That's not the way to please her. (*Aside.*)

Phant. Can you love?

Mrs. Hope. As I'me a woman, I've a mixture of all passions in me.

Phant. Then consequently that of love, but commonly women's affections are grounded upon self-interest: if they match with those whose estates can't satisfy their ambition, 'tis to be supposed then, that there's something extraordinary, that supplies that defect.

Mrs. Hope. You speak mistically, I know not what you mean.

Phant. My meaning is not far from you, which time and your permission may make you acquainted withall. Madam, my face is not so contemptible, as tempting, experience confirms my belief. I ne're yet in all the Countries I came acquainted with, took the pains to court any, all contending who should first prostitute herself to my pleasure. I liv'd in *Utopia* three months, where no English man before durst venture, the Duke's only daughter taking notice of my super-excellent qualifications

qualifications, as likewise the exact simetrical proportion of my body, fell so deeply in love with me, that I was necessitated to satisfy her desires, to save her life. And to save mine (the Duke being informed of what was done) there being no shipping in the harbour, I was fain to put to sea in a Walk-boal, and the only sayl I had, was the fore part of my shirt.

Hic. A yard I grant him. But what did a do for want of a mast. (*aside*).

Phant. And by a strange providence I Landed at *Graves-end*. The Court was suddenly inform'd of my arrival, and immediately was profer'd I know not what a year to keep 'em company only. I knew what they drove at, for they intended to make me the pattern to wear their cloaths by.

Hic. But not how to keep 'em. (*aside*)

Phant. I cud have serv'd in stead of a jury of french Taylors, for the inventing of a new fashion, as likewise they knew I cud teach 'em to speak well, and redeem their Tongues from being pensioners to absurd silence.

Mrs. Hope. I now plainly see you are a Traveller.

Hic. How handsomely she gives him the lye; but the fool (I believe) ha's not so much witt to apprehend it. (*aside*)

Phant. What you express is nothing but truth. Nay more I durst challenge the whole world to parallel my strange observations.

Hic. More strange then true: but I'me glad a has travel'd so far from his subject. (*aside*)

Phant. I'll tell you one of 'em, I met with a fellow about a league from *Pernassus*, falling into discourse (for a spake perfectly the Rabbinical, and I answer'd him in man's) we at length concluded to descend the fore-said hill, and drink our mornings draught at *Hellicon*, having carrows'd so long that we began to be mellow, a spake to me in five several Languages at one instant.

Mrs. Hope. I have heard of those that have spoken their words by clusters, but certainly the tother's impossible.

Phant.

Phant. The Method that he observ'd therein will save up all contradiction: for with his tongue a wud vowel out the lofty *Italian*, in the mean time the proud *Spanish* came glittering through the rolling of his sparkling eyes; his cheeks (being swell'd with Wind) blew out the blustering *Dutch*, a sauffled the *French* through his nose; and the grumbling of his dissatisfied belly (at the same time) spake articulately the *Hungarian*. I cud tell you of a thousand more, which are now too tedious to relate, yet hereafter the relation of 'em will serve for pritty divertisements between us by the fire side in a winter night. Therefore to conclude, if my Travel, Wit, Birth, Breeding, and a handsom Personage, will not invite you to embrace my motion, I know not what will: Consider of these things seriously, and I shall ne'r fear that an *Hic & Ubique* can rob me of your affections.

Mrs. Hope. Sir, your discourse has been so prolix, that it will require a very considerable time to find out what you drive at. However, give me leave to hear you both.

Hic. That's my Cue — Lady, give me leave to salute you after my fashion.

Mrs. Hope. I've been troubled with too many of 'em already, yet for once, how is't?

Hic. After the *Hic & Ubique* manner thus -- (Kisses mouth, eyes, &c.)

Phant. But that's not as you said, every where.

Hic. I know that, I've done as much as was civil, pray do you the rest.

Mrs. Hope. Such scurrilous discourse renders you ridiculous, and reflects likewise upon me.

Hic. Madam, I shall then wave such deviations, and render my self in such terms that may be suitable to the greatnesse of my affections: Prose is too low a style to expresse my self in, therefore thus:

Free and unstain'd with base intent,

My love to you I tender;

A heart not gloss'd with complements,

As free I do surrender.

Tis Love commands, then how can I

So great a God as this deny?

Your

your Beauty, and those better parts, your virtues (which surpass, could you but know)

How else they shine on mortal hearts.

Extinguish have mine Eyes.

And 'tis but just that I should be

Blind by that power, that blinded me.

I will not view, protest, nor swear,

nor cog, nor flatter, nor

But only say, my fairest, dearest,

I live in this, by loving you.

And former may the Egyptian Dame,

Live chaste, then I put out my flames.

Aliver their courses back shall turn,

And flowing back shall turn

And flourish back shall turn

Before I change my way.

Then give me back before I change

No Idler's hand shall turn

Mrs. Hope. This is something to the purpose, if they be

your own.

Hic. Well, I mean to please you, but I get married words to

Express my mind, and therefore need not borrow words

Phant. But you can hear: Now could thou have the face to

repeat these verses (I being present) thou know'st should thee,

I made em five years since, for my first Mistress.

Hic. Let not thy impudent lying, nor thy boldness

Phant. The re took the re yet without detection, therefore

don't repeat it, lest I make thee a companion of such

spirits.

Hic. Thou hadst best, if thou'rt a minde to be hang'd,

Phant. What for killing an *Idler*, or an *Idiot*?

Nic. No, I mean thou durst as well be hang'd, as draw

Phant. I'll try that.

Hic. May have at you then.

Phant. Murder, Murder, not pertinent, I every day experience

Mrs. Hope. *Enter Hilary and Patrick*

Hic. What, Draw upon a woman (cowardly villains)

(draws)

(draws) what your incept, tell me quickly, or this all-piercing steel shall set your blood abroad.

Hic. Sir, We cannot not to injure the Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Hope. Sir, They are both my servants, and it is Jealousy that occasions 'em to quarrel. I told you and his

Kilt. Madam, I shud think, such poor spirited fellows deserve not the honour of that title.

Mrs. Hope. I thing so too, Sir, I was forc'd to entertain 'em, because I knew not how to be rid of 'em.

Kilt, Madam, I'll quickly do you that courtesy, and by so doing, I may pleasure myself; her brazen bath already captivated me; (aside) Villains, expect not the honour to fall by my hands. Patrick go cut their throats.

Patr. For great joy, to put the *Kill* upon my shelf.

Kilt. Go firrah, on I'll be cur your's (turns to Mrs. Hopewell)

Patr. O yes, for Christ's sake, make help for my self my-
ster, or else poor Kilmistrick will be made Kilm upon.

Kili. To provoke towards too much, is the way to make 'em desperate. (Beats 'em f.) firah, did not you tell me you cud fight, upon that account I entertain'd you.

Parr. Yes feat, at cuff, or skean.

5d **King:** None serves me, but those that durst blow in a charged
pistol, and value a sword no more than a cudgel.

03 *Enrico* *Son* *franchis* *by* *got* *a* *chree* *be* *wid* *put* *some* *lead* *in*
my belly but three was no force, power upon the pulcol, he
did make intention to cut off my head, last.

323 **With Belongs**, I shall tell you some other time; **Madam**
 324 **shu'd I say** I love you from this interview, you w'd condemn
 325 me as rash, but bless me not if your beauty commands me;
 326 rather your commands I follow; I request the great favour as to
 327 know your dear name, I shall be glad to hear it.

Mrs. Hope. It deserves not your knowledge: Your pardon, Sir.

(Exit. Thou hadst best be wiser than I am.)

Kilt. Follow hereforah, and see where the houses, and bring me wood, at the shaw-Turner.

If she disdainful prove, I'll leave her
 'Tis but the second I will leave her.

Mr. Hope, ~~murderer~~ (drawn)
 Mr. What, Draw upon a woman (cowardly villain)
 Mr. Murder, Murder (drawn)

Act 3. Scene 1.

Enter Cassio and Calpurnia.

Cassio. **M**adam, I hope the fervency of my love will (in some measure) excuse the boldness of my intrusion; since the time that I first saw you, I have been extremely impatient, and the force of my imagination was so strong, as to make me conceive every minute of Delay to be a compleat day, till I had found out an opportunity to make you acquainted with the reality of my affection.

Cassio. And pray Sir, what do you propose to your self, now you have found it?

Cassio. I shall in part ease my self of a great load of love that lies on my heart.

Cassio. Pray Sir, if that be all, disburthen your self quickly, charity commands me to give you my attention, what will do you good.

Cassio. Very much, if you'll let my penetrating expressions sink into the hollow recesses of your heart.

Cassio. I can't promise you that, for I know not what you mean, every word you speak to me is an Hieroglyphick, or some foreign language, which will require an interpreter.

Cassio. Then Madam I'll be my own, and untriddle that Emblem which seemingly puzzles you so much to understand; I love you, and that in so great a measure, that were the quintessence of all love contracted together, it could not exceed mine.

Cassio. I'm sorry that you have shot your Arrow in the wrong mark, your hopes have mistaken their lodging, and you have cast Anchor in a bootless harbour.

Cassio. Pray don't say so; I have a stronger faith than he mov'd with such customary denials, which your politick sex still defends themselves withal, when the forlorn hope of their affection receives it's first encounter. Lady, you are flesh & blood, and can't be out-law'd from the Court of Love, & though your beauty, birth, and education may advance the verge of your thoughts to a far higher fortune than my self: Yet I question not but the strength & constancy of my Love may balance it.

Cassio. Sir your eagerness puts me in mind of a common saying that what is violent, is not permanent; every day's experience informs us that hot love grows soon cold; yet what I speak is but by hear-say; for as the tenderness of my years may

may persuade any that I am unacquainted with Love-affairs ; the same argument may make you know, that I understand not your amorous discourse.

Contr. The many examples of younger matches are enough to sway down the subtil evasions of your logicalical arguments.

Cass. There's no contradicting you, for they say men have the art of persuading women contrary to their own beliefs ; though for my own part (I think) I am proof against it, as designing my affections to be guided by my Parents will and pleasure.

Contr. Were I but assur'd of your consent, I am confident of your Fathers assent, and then there can be no removal or impediment to our conjunction.

Cass. Excuse me Sir, the world is now grown very deceitful, therefore tis requisite I advise with my self, consult you as you please with my Father.

Contr. The result of which (I hope) will tend to your lasting contentment (*Exit*).

Cass. I never yet, and give a reason for Antipathy ; as soon as I saw him, methought of all men living I lov'd him least. (*Enter Jem*) Now now, what's the matter with you ?

Jem. The matter Mrs. I believe I have matter enough in my hand for you, O the sweetest Gentleman (I think in my conscience) that ever lay by a womans side.

Cass. What art mad, Wench ?

Jem. Yes, and so wud you too, had you seen what I did.

Cass. What was that ?

Jem. I tell you the finest Gentleman ---- I warrant a bus-

Cass. I know matter what a bus, but what of him ?

Jem. He gave me a Letter, and charg'd me to deliver it to your own hands.

Cass. A Letter for me? sure th'art mistaken.

Jem. Will you believe your own eyes? (*delivers it*).

Cass. There for that matchless piece of beauty, Mrs. *Cassandra* *Thersites*. 'Tis a fair child, I'll see if the contents correspond. (*reads*.)

Madam,

How well did nature in her plots contrive

A way to keep her own prerogative.

By the sweet Edicts of her subtil Law,

Pride quakes, and savage creatures stand in awe,

*Thou shalt command, and when their fury fall, I will not
wonder: But when thou shalt command, I will not wonder.*

*I that have felt the pangs of love, I will not wonder
that thou shouldst command, I will not wonder.*

*Could I but love, till your commanding fire
should scorch my heart, and did my soul surprise.*

*I am your Captive, therefore must my fate
'Take life, or death, or from your love, or hate.*

Thou must a faithful servant

PEREGRINE.

Cass. Peregrine, who's that?

*Jane. Don't you remember the Gentleman that you were
commending yesterday?*

Cass. Thou talkest at random.

Jane. 'Tis the very same.

*Cass. Why should a love me? and yet why do I ask that ques-
tion, since I know too well why I love him?*

*Jane. From his face, but for a beautiful face? and let me
tell you Mrs. you have one char's tempting enough, for so say
most Gentlemen that come to our house; Oh! I have heard
'em wishing — you know what I mean.*

*Cass. You are too bold huz, pray learn to be silent, and
that at least will make you seem wiser.*

*Jane. Indeed Mrs. you wud not only seem so, but be really
wiser, if you wud resolve to make better use of your time: had
some as many sweet-hearts as you, they'd make more haste to
understand, what a pretty pleasant life they (that are married)*

do enjoy.

*Cass. Peace, thou talkest idly. I find an alteration in me al-
ready; (reads) sure this paper contains magick, otherwise it
could not persuade me to love so suddenly: O my freedom*

I now begin to fear the loss of it.

But let us go, to him I'll not refrain:

This single loss brings with double gain. (Exit.)

Ad 3. Scene 2

Enter Phantastick and Hic.

*Hic. Were ever men thus baffled? how glad the Drumper
was to be rid of 'em?*

*Phant. Hang her, she's like the rest of her sex, that value
men*

men by the quantity of their money, and not their worth.

Hic. Wad I had again what I've spent on here, wud be now very seasonable to supply my empty pockets.

Phant. O Sir! are you come to that? have with you, if you intend to thrive: don't you remember your old maxim?

Hic. Prethee leave off your jeering, and lend me a crown.

Phant. Why then your money's all gone it seems.

Hic. Yes I may thank you for't.

Phant. Nere thank me for the matter, but thank your self; however there's a crown, but make no practise of borrowing of mee, this is the last time.

Hic. Now I'm faith, if thou wilt, weel go toth Taxemagen, and I'll spend it, I'm half drunk already, and so art thou.

Phant. No nor I.

Hic. Then th'art mad.

Phant. Why?

Hic. Thou dlt ne're have lent me a crown else; I conceipt my self now as rich as Crasus! Here boy, fetch me a quart of sack, a horse like and a fiver; there's nothing like it.

Phant. A Fox o' those dull men, whose bosoms are fill'd
With the seeds of their firmness, and carry:

May be serve in a Prison, that feareth to yield
In seasons of Storm, his belly a share.

Let us fill four in seven,
With their money and their corn;

In the terror of his market we free,
They are not companions for thee, nor for mee.

(Enter Day with Sack.)
So well done, all a Brimmer.

Here's a health to all those that will never be poor,
That conquer the frowns of their faces with their wine;

That will quaff, and carouse, and never live a day
Till their faces by drinking like Comets do shine.

In these we'll delight, (Enter Pouch.)
With these we'll unite,

And our happiness all shall endure,
As long as our company Sack can procure.

Ph. Pouch. 'Tis very well, Gentlemen, that you are so mer-

ry, but I'de have you remember, you did not discharge the
large reckoning last night. I don't like this shuffling, you can
run o're leace in my house, and find ready money abroad for
the Tavern. Gentlemen, I can stay no longer, my Brewer
must be paid, and my Baker has been here to day for money.

Phan. As for your Brewer he may be an honest fellow; but
hang your Baker, I have nothing to do with him: but pray
what is it I'me engaged to you?

Sa. Peach. Since you paid me last, 'tis just twenty five shil-
lings four pence. I will be long enough before you Mr. *Hic*,
will ask how much you owe, and if you did, I think I'me such
at one, for you never intend to pay, as far as I can see. I have
saw a penny of your money yet, and that which is worse, I
know not when I shall: had I known you'd have your'd and
ranted so much, you shud have sought your looking some
where else. Besides, I doubt you have both been too familiar
with my maid *Derahy*, I examin'd her upon her crying out
last night, and she confess that you were both unclean, and
did — I'me ashamed to tell what: wud I had been in her
place, I'de have taught you to have meddled with a woman
again after that manner.

Hic. And for ever after made us hate the cry of kitchen
knuff for thy sake. Prithce good butter-barrel, don't think to
melt thy self by our fire: thou Tun of Heydeberg, thy Bung-
hole's so big that I am afraid to come near it, lest falling there-
in, I hazard a drowning. Had *Gargantua* liv'd, thou mightest
have taught him, without much endangering of him, to have
kneaded dough in thy trough.

Phan. Could a man have but seen em in conjunction, the
resemblance had been to nothing more proper than the Ox at
St. James's fair, roasted whole with a Pudding in his belly.

Hic. Come Landlady I have more charitable thoughts than
to think thee a — because thy age wants temptation; But
I'me sure not but inclination: but as for cheating and extor-
sion (two excellent moral virtues) they've qualified thee for
a three-saint of thy profession.

Sa. Peach. But that I am patient, and not given to
the language of *Billinggate*, I would say, that thou art
a son of the Whore of *Babylon*, to abuse all honest
women.

Woman of my sort; thou spawn of Iniquity; vile, vaine, Villainous Rascal: 'Tis no wonder thou shouldst thus scorn at me, thy self being so handsome, come up here, thou maggot fac'd fellow; thy hole would serve for a hand-saw. Get thee a looking-glass, and there thou shalt see the Image of *Nabal* that newly come from grail, away, for, thou kindle of superstition, there's something in thy face that bears the resemblance of a prophane large wrought Christmas candle.

Hic. This won't do, I must cog her into a better humour. (*Aside.*) Honch *Laudy*, I was but in jest all this while, only to try your temper: to be serious, what you find fault withall, shall speedily be amended, as for what I owe you, my bills of exchange, (which I expect by every post) are enough to intiake you ten times over, and so here vto ye (*He Drinks*) nay y'faith Drink off.

Phant. Come lets be merry.

Hic. Boy call in the munnick I sent for; my Land-Lady and I must have a Daunce.

Su. Posh. I can't Daunce, I'me old, but when I was young I could have footed it to the horn-pipe, with the best of 'em.

Hic. Nay then I durst swear you han't forgot it.

(*They Dance.*)

Phant. Well done y'faith, y've been a notable last in your days I warrant you.

Su. Posh. I am not so old yet, but that I can have a young man (or two for need) as handsome as either of you, no disparagement.

Hic. Certainly he was born blind then. (*Aside.*)

Su. Posh. But tis best to keep my self as I am, and then I need not be in continual jealousy of my maids, nor stay so long for my husbands coming home from the Tavern; that my meat is either rotten roasted, or cold, sit up till twelve a clock at night; if he comes home then to be sure he's drunk, and falls a-saying at me: if not, ten to one he has taken up his quarters with one wench or other. No, no, there's he're a young man of 'em all shall so delude me.

Hic. I wonder who w'd, unless it be one that is troubled with a continual foul stomach, and so to save charges w'd make use of her face to give him a vomit.

Su. Posh. Well Gentlemen, my business calls me away, pray don't

don't forget me, so rise in my Church again, to let you
in, when you are out late. (Exit) And I sing myself in
Hic. Your Landlady won't always thus be put off
with fine words.

Hic. I know that, I see ther's but one way; my cloaks must
lye by't I faith: and now I think on't, Alderman Thriwiel
is a fit person for my purpose. Twere better they were Im-
prisoned than I.

Phant. It's true, y'faith.

Hic. Well, when all is gone I'll not dispar, for 'tis an ar-
ticle of my faith, I shall ne're want; how ere tis with you now,
I believe I shall see you in the same condition e're it be long.

Phant. If thou shouldest see me as poor as thyself, yet there
will be a great deal of difference between thee and me.

Hic. Prichewhy?

Phant. Because I have more wit and a better carriage than
thou hast to carry it off.

Hic. O The impudence of folly! those commonly which
conspire themselves the wits, are oft found the very fools.
Dost thou talk of wit, when thy ignorance has on similitude,
and thy carriage no comparison. Thy fine clothes like a cork
boy's shoes, above water, and thy small remaining stock of
money, like ballast, keeps steady the giddy vessel of thy
brain, which otherwise wud with every blast of misfortune,
be quite turned topsy turvey; neither hast thou scholarship
to solicit thee in thy adversity.

Phant. And what dost thy learning avail thee, when thy
Landlady calls for money? (see then whether you can perswade
the serjeant, with your hard words, to let you go; I doubt not
your quaint fancies will hardly say, you are of prison; nei-
ther will your learned Poems pay your fees.) Hic. I'll give
you good advice, never pawn your cloaks as you intend, till
you have tryed what you can take up upon your scholarship;
thy cloak will serve to keep thee warm, and feed thee too for
a while, when all the profound Authors thou hast read, can't
advise thee how to procure one meales meat; he that has
money, commands every thing, with which I can stand in
the opinion of being a wit too. Hic. I know a rich young
hain, been cry'd up for a witty person, when the blinks of his
discourse, wud not afford a nutshell of sense?

Hic.

Hic. Content your self with your money, whilst you have it, in the mean time I shall be at it to find out what there is something that satisfies without it.

Ad 3. Scene 3.

Enter Bankrupt and Trustal.

Trustal. Prithee, hast thou a perpetual almsman?

Bank. What to do?

Trust. I would be plac'd there, instead of a saint, an everlasting fool.

Bank. Wherefore?

Trust. Why that *Obignatorian*, and his antick Comrade *Philistick*, have lately borrowed monies of me: the one swears, as the *Hare* does the *Gray* band; the other swears, never over receiv'd a penny of me; and because he receiv'd it in private he bids me produce my witnesses; and a third, when I ask him civilly for my monies, he very un civilly threatens to bang me.

Bankrupt. His bastinades w'd have prov'd beneficial, had they broken the bones of too much trusting, and so well reduced again by a Jewish incredulous bone-setter.

Trust. Now I see second thoughts are best, by which I judge that one of *Solomon's* fooler too, for had'st thou been wise, thou wouldest have purchas'd thy name for breaking; for some vast sum, and thou wouldest have been the set-ample of a statue of *Bankrupt* were intayl'd upon thee and thine heirs for ever.

Bank. But what way dost resolve on for a lively hood?

Trust. I know not, employments being so difficult in their obtaining.

Bank. 'Tis true, though whole ships of fooler daily arriving vainly begin the contrary.

Trust. Had I known so much before, the *Indies* had sooner have been my refuge.

Bank.

Get some empty Glasses and Gally-pots, with Inscriptions on 'em,
And a Catalogue of Diseases, fairly printed, all which at least I'll
pretend to cure; which done, I'll expose my Bills of an outlandish
new-fangled learned Doctor to be affix'd to all corners of Streets, and
in a pissing place shall expose 'em.
Thus, by the bye, I'll change my low condition:
A broken Tradesman makes a sound Physician.

Back. But that will require a considerable sum.
Thrive. I have a young wife, and a bottle of Strong-
Tobacco-tincture, a dozen of clean pipes, and a bottle of Strong-
water, will make me out of an indigent a good reputation.

Back. O Excellent! Will I for the study of Physick:
My Father being an Apothecary, I shall have my knowledge
of Simples, and their Compositions. I shall want little but terms
of Art, to make me out of an indigent a good reputation.

Enter Thrive and Cassius.
Thrive. Get acquainted with Barber-surgeons then, and Ap-
prentice thyself to one of them; I'll give thee a good recommendation.
Cassius. I'll be glad to be acquainted with you, Sir, if I have
another business to acquaint you withal.

Thrive. What's that Sir?
Cassius. I'll love to be your Daughter, makes me humbly be-
seach you to accept me for a Son.

Thrive. This danger of weight, and will be much serious:
I'll be glad to be acquainted with you, Sir, if I have
another business to acquaint you withal.

Enter. With your permission, Sir, I shall confess I discover'd my
never-dying love to her; but her grandfather of late refus'd to
your Disposal. Neither is it my desire to deprive any Maiden
from her father's choice.

Thrive. You shall find me a true Son, Sir, I'll be glad to be
acquainted with you, Sir, if I have another business to acquaint
you withal.

Enter Cassius.
Cassius. I'll be glad to be acquainted with you, Sir, if I have
another business to acquaint you withal.

Thrive. I'll be glad to be acquainted with you, Sir, if I have
another business to acquaint you withal.

Enter. I'll be glad to be acquainted with you, Sir, if I have
another business to acquaint you withal.

ment of this, the very thought of which is troublesome to me.
Theresa. Come, come, you know not what a Husband it will
 be. You have agreed to be so. I know it will be a good one.
Cassand. I wish I never may.
Theresa. Away with this dissimulation. Your Mother told me
 as much, when I woo'd her self, and yet, was never satisfied, till
 she was married to her. Here's a Gentleman, in respect of his Affec-
 tions (if you be obedient) I intend to make you happy.
Cassand. The state I now enjoy (provided it suited with your
 will) is already more happy than a situation can make it. Good
 Father pardon me. And, Sir, for your objections, I thank you.
 yet desire, not to be less than I should beg your assistance in
 since in me I find no opposition to such love.

Cost. It's a seeming piece of Injustice, to oppose a recalled love,
 for love, Madam.

Theresa. You are a foolish Girl, and know not what a good
 fate into what inconsequence it would lead you, were you
 your own Master. It is well therefore that you have a careful Pa-
 rent to provide you a better lot. I wonder what you would
 can you make in for of our care, but by being so much in obedi-
 ent; the neglect which renders you so commonly foolish.

Cassand. Sir, Let me be disowned for your Daughter, rather
 than be branded with that execrative crime of Disobedience.

Theresa. Why, well said, now you say something. Sir, *Car-
 rier*, let not any thing discourage you, for her denial must
 proceeded from her modesty. Let us leave her therefore to con-
 sider on your Proposals, and my Resolutions: They can't but take
 deeply with her: But I must talk with you in private, about some
 thing that must be done before the Nuptials are celebrated.

Cost. I'll follow you instantly. Madam, the utmost that I
 now can say, is but the same in effect of what I told you heretofore.
 In your presence I can speak in no other Dialect but that
 of love. I had just now come into my head, I must think
 on's another time. I hope your Father's good counsel with the
 consideration of my tender affections, will (in a little time) work
 such effects, that may satisfy the curiosity of my Curious, the full
 content of your self, to the compleat satisfaction of your Parents.

Cassand. Unhappy I that am thus in the very spring of my love,
 thwarted

Prov. That's not possible.

Caland. I both can and will then.

Prov. Why then, By all the Powers above I am he.

Caland. Have you taught me this? but 'tis no matter, since
It could no longer hold. Then by all the Powers above and below,
I am yours. But Sir, my Father has commanded me to love one
Country, but assure your self he shall never injure your interest
in me, 'tis possible he may hinder it a while.

Prov. He to our constant loves shall add no doubt;
His own unworthiness will work him out. *(Exit Prov.)*

Act. 4. Scen. 2.

Enter Thripping and Contrivance.

Thripping. Henceforth I shall bestow on you the title of my
son.

Contrivance. And from this moment I shall esteem my self most happy
by being in his dutiful respect. *(Exit Thripping.)*
Thripping. how happy are all my projects, gramerly good brains,
I am now clearly of the belief, my Mothers imagination was
strongly fix'd on *Orner* or *Mazur*, when she conceiv'd me, or
that the love of *Contrivance* or the leaves of *William* or *polrick*
Discount. When I was but a Boy I could have stealed all the
Boyes in a whole School of their bread and butter, and have eaten
it all afterwards. As for Calves and such like *Samuel* Creatures,
then I contented at my pleasure, by sucking their Dams. Now
since I write my self Man go thy way where ever thou dost, there's
none will surmise to bring thy ingenuity to perfection. *(Exit)*

Enter His Grace with three Cloaks on his back, and Alderman Thripping.

His. Mr. Alderman, you're the man I look'd for.

Thripping. What's your business, Mr. His Grace?

His. In troth my business now is not so much *Thripping* as for
the present *His*, and that is to Borrow a little money of you.

Thripping. Indeed you must excuse me.

His. I mean upon a Pawn.

Thripping.

Thrive. A Pawn, now you say something, and what is it?

His. My Cloaks?

Thrive. Did not I always persuade you against your extravagant courses; and now you see what they have brought you to,

His. I pray Sir do me that courtesy, it is to stop my Landlady's mouth, who daily threatens me with imprisonment, and I know not how to avoid it, but by your lending me so much money.

Thrive. I shud think Sir that you are able to stop your Landlady's mouth without money. However follow me, and I'll satisfy your Request.

Exit.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.

Enter Kilberg, Mrs. Hopwell and Patrick.

Kilb. **M** Adam, you are so incredulous of the reality of my affections, that I know not which way to persuade you, that I love; if the free surrender of my Estate will do it, it shall be done without any reservation, that thereby you may know that I value not my self or what I have proportionably to the enjoyment of your Dearsh self.

Mrs. Hop. The Sincerity of your Brother, makes me really believe, that your love is incapable of Admitting the least Equivocation. However I shall not give my self up solely to your assurances, till by the conveyance of your Land over to me, I shall be more fully assured, that you love me not for what I have, but for what I am. I proposed not this to cheat you, but that as it may be the touchstone of your Love.

Kilb. If that be all, were the whole Universe at my command, I'd freely tender it to you to be disposed by your Will, and what Losses it be to part with the world as one, in whom ten worlds of Excellencies and pleasures are contain'd: the possession of you (me thinks) is enough to recompence the losse of All, that the greatest Potentate do enjoy. Every minute of Delay seems to me an Age till I have fulfilled your request. Patrick fetch me a Scribe.

Patrick. Scribe. **S**cribner, a la fust de David, Scribner, my self make no meying for Dat at all.

Kilb. A Fellow that writes Bills and Bonds.

Parb.

Push. Hills and Ponds; 'seir De water is.

Kils. Why a Clark then, thou Blockhead.

Push. Arra fuat de Tawil wilt don do vid de Clerk?

Kils. That, Goodman Rasket.

(Kicks him.)

Push. If I make tell so for him before, he will not come for me afterward.

Kils. Why thou Bog-trotting, Beetle-head, tell him, I have business for him then.

Push. Arra fuat de Devil must my self go make fetch for de Clark, to put these upon my moyller, and Patrick himself.

Enter Patrick.
Mrs. Hope. Now Sir, see you love me, and I shall ever endeavour that my Affections run parallel with yours.

Enter Patrick and Scrivener.

Kils. So, are you come, a word with you Sir, here is a Copy of my Estate, presently draw a conveyance to Mrs. Anne Hope and her Heirs.

Mrs. Hope. Trow Sir see that there be no fraud nor fallacy in this.

Kils. Now I hope you are mine.

Mrs. Hope. Stay Sir, you're too hasty, have Patience till the Scrivener has ingrossed your Deed.

Kils. Then you'll be mine.

Mrs. Hope. I'll be as dear a dish of my self.

Kils. In the meantime let's take the Air, this place is too little to contain the greatness of my Joy.

Enter Heir of Thigot without a Cloak.

Heir. Why should I now cry out against the iniquity of the Gods, that they should thus leave the disposal of human affairs to the Guidance of partial Furies, I could weep (but that would render me effeminate) when I think that I am wholly extracted, and that by the Chymistry of my Folly, brought to the very Mercury.

Three Cloaks and all ingag'd, O cruel Fate

That would not leave me one, to shelter

My weather-beaten Body, and inclose

My naked sides from my deriding Foes.

My Angry Hostels, (heedless of the weather)

Cop'd up with foggy Ale, and bound together.

What!

With the warm thoughts of Fortune, but for got
 What cold and hunger is, and she will not
 Shake hands with Necessity, hold it is unjust
 To listen to the Arguments of Trust:
 Pay and you're welcome, when you have spent all,
 Farewell good Fellowship, Comfort's but small.

Well, what's now to be done, I must consider, whether Hanging
 or Drowning be best, or what Death with the greatest ease, and
 quickest Expedition, will convey me safe to *Charon's Ferry*
 boat: in the mean time, as for the thinness of my habit, that must
 be excus'd with the heat of my Constitution; as for Eating will
 render the Body too corpulent, therefore Eating will be requi-
 site: as for Drinking, Nature has provided enough every where of
 that, which will prevent hot Distempers; and for Sleeping, I que-
 stion not but I shall have time enough for that.

Enter Phantastick.

Phan. What ha's he got here? The substance of Poverty; this is
 it to bea Poet; surely hee's ill-belov'd of the Muses, that none of
 the Nine wu'd give him a Petticoat to make him a Cloak of, now is
 the time for me to make sport with him, who do you belong to,
 Prince *Prig*? ha'n't you no part left? *Prig* has to act? you
 you look as if you were conning something of that Nature.

Hic. Truly Sir, I was studying the Art of Begging, because
 some say tis very beneficial to them that can manage it aright.

Phan. But thou want'st thy Implements; as a Wooden Leg,
 False Belly, a Foote & Eye, with the Art of making Old Sores, and
 such like undiscernible Cheats, that may procure Riches; as for thy
 Cloaths they will serve indifferently, a Monash or two will reduce
 them into the Tatter'd condition fashion.

Hic. To which add four more to make up a half-cragg, and him
 may be in the same Condition.

Phan. What Country-man art thou?

Hic. Sir, my Country is *Hic & Vbi*.

Phan. Let me see where does that Country lie? I know I
 know; just three Degrees, five minutes from the *Equinotial*.
 And what's thy Name?

Hic. *Hic & Vbi*.

Phan. Is that thy Christian-name?

Hic. I know not whether I was ever christned; if I was not, I
 had

had much wrong done me by the Parish, for I am told, my Mother left me in a Church Porch for that purpose.

Phan. where do I lye?

Hic. Hic & Ubique — *Paspe ubique jacet.*

Phan. Then you are no constant Lodgers.

Hic. No, not I.

Phan. So I thought, you look it as if thou hast not time a nap since thy creation. And where do'st dine to day?

Hic. Now hic, then ubique.

Phan. That's no where, and that's it makes thee look so like one of *Phylis* I do think, I can hear him in thy belly grumbling how complain against thy mouth. How dost intend to live?

Hic. I know not how *Hic.* I think I shall do better else, the neighbouring Country is *dear*.

Phan. Well Sir, I knew you all this while, and do pity your miserable condition. I see thou hast no luck at contriving anything Maxime.

Hic. However, I'm not despair, when Fortune is at the lowest ebb, will flow again; my English money being now spent, I hope the worst is past.

Phan. *Waller, take care, I will observe you.*

Phan. Prithce what's the meaning of that thundering confounding Sentence?

Hic. In English (as thou

He is no Souldier dyed in *grayne*,

That can't endure a shower of *rayne*.

Phan. But what mak'st thou here without a Cloak?

Hic. A good reason why, they're all at pawn.

Phan. And what's become of the money?

Hic. One half I spent, and rother I gave my Landlady, and yet she's unsatisfied.

Phan. For old acquaintance I'll lend thee a Cloak, but no money, for to tell thee the truth, mine's all gonestoo, though I sit a good face on't. My Landlady, no longer ago than this morning, fir'd a whole broad side at me, for my part, what to do, I know not, unless *Wit without Money* can assist me.

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

Enter S^r Pauch, (Sola.)

S^r Pauch. **L** Odeem, quoth he, with a Pox, hang all such poor Scabs, my flesh's shall ne're entertain again such Vermin: But that which vexes me most of all, they bring in their Wenches under the borrowed names of Sisters and Cousins, dancing all night like Fairies, their night-rounde, and imitating the Nightingale, singing with a trick at their breast, and they so flatter them, say before my own face — I know not what they have; I therefore I have been purposely familiar enough with 'em, (had they but eyes to see) and have given 'em opportunities — that any man that had guts in his brains, wou'd have laid hold on. A couple of Nynghammers, that might have had my heart out of my belly (as one may say) had they but done — but what was reasonable, I mean; but they have taken the wrong Sow by the ear — Here comes one of them; (Enter Hic.) Now will I try how this Fellow's necessity will work upon him.

Hic. My sweet loving Landlady, how is't?

S^r Pauch. Never the better for you.

Hic. I hope you shall not be the worse.

S^r Pauch. Yes, I shall, if I stay till your Bills of Exchange come over, that you so much talk of; can you pay me the residue of my money?

Hic. Not at present.

S^r Pauch. Then will I deal with you no longer, since I find your comings in but short. As I am an honest Woman I can't be so satisfied.

Hic. What wou'd you have me do?

S^r Pauch. Since you cannot pay me, give me good security.

Hic. I am unacquainted here, and I have but one thing left me estimable, which I value so much, that I'm very loath to engage in, unless great necessity force me to it.

S^r Pauch. And what's this fine thing I marvel, that you are so loath to pawn, some counterfeit Jewel, pretended to be given by some fond Gentlewoman or other.

Hic. No I assure you, this is no counterfeit: but hap-hazard, will

will you venter to accept of it in lieu of that small Debt I owe?

S. Pouch. What's that? I'll not buy a Pig in a Peck.

Hic. 'Tis my self.

S. Pouch. Ha, ha, ha, I guess so much all this while; I'm not enough that thou hast had my Meat, Drink, and Lodging for nothing; but thou'dst have me too? No Mr. Hic, I'm meat for your betters.

Hic. Landlady, I'm not in jeast; if you will, so? if not, so? you may say hereafter that you had an opportunity which can never be recall'd.

S. Pouch. Art in earnest then?

Hic. Yes by my faith and I.

S. Pouch. Why this is it I sym'd at: Youth joy'd with Age is like a Warming-pan to a bed in Winter.

But speak seriously though, do you love me?

Hic. I heartily.

S. Pouch. And will you be constant?

Hic. While life endures.

S. Pouch. And when you are married, will you ne're Wench more, lye abroad at night, come home drunk, and then throw the stools about, call me old Jade, and cry who the Devil brought us together, and it may be, beat me too?

Hic. Don't entertain such hard thoughts of me.

S. Pouch. Won't you upon every slight occasion forsake my bed, and then you must be brib'd before you'll lye in't again.

Hic. I shall not.

S. Pouch. Thou'rt half perswaded me then. And will you keep me company at home, and be a good Husband?

Hic. I shall.

S. Pouch. Why then in the first place I forgive thee what thou owest me.

Hic. And in the next place lets seal the bargain. (Kisses her.)

S. Pouch. Here's money, go, and redeem what you have at pawn.

And d'ye hear, pray remember you have seal'd the bargain; don't you go now and spend the money. What a fine thing 'tis to have money, I might have staid long enough for a Husband, but for that.

(aside.)

(Enter Phantastick.)

(Exit Hic.)

Your too late friend, your Cake's dough y' faith.

Phant. What d'ye mean?

S. Peach. (I mean to be married.)

Phen. Married, ha, ha, ha, to whom?

S. Peach. Why to your Comerade: You might have been the man, had you not been an Ass.

Phen. Me! I scorn thee.

S. Peach. Scorn me, scorn to be in my debt; Now will I say no longer, I'll have my money's.

Phen. Indeed you must say till I have it.

S. Peach. Stay me no stayings, I must and will have it: And so farewell.

Exit.

Phen. Base worthless man, whose fetter'd heart can cling,
Only for wealth, unto so foul a thing.

(Exit.)

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Enter Bankrupt like a Doctor, and Recipe his man.

Bank. **H**As no body yet inquired for the Physician to-day?

Recipe. Yes, one that look't a squint, that came to have his eyes set right: And an old Woman troubled with the Palfie; but they had neither A farthing of money, and so I sent 'em away, 'tis ominous to trust handse.

Bank. It's strange no body else comes; were you careful in putting up the Bills?

Recipe. There's nere an Inne-door, nor Pissing-place, but is chequer'd with 'em.

His Banner.

There is lately come to Town an *Italian Doctor*, who (besides his exquisite knowledge in the occult Art of Physiognomy and Chyromancy) perfectly understands the Divine mysteries of Astrology; and thereupon can give judgment according to the good, or evil aspects of the Planets: As for Example, Whether a Maid shall marry her intended Sweet-heart;

heart, and can discover who are Maids and who are not, &c. and who can calculate Nativities so truly, that he will tell the most remarkable passages of any one's life, either past, present, or to come, he likewise cures these diseases under written,

The Scirica. Fandi peca.

Palse.

Impotency in Men and Women.

The restoration of lost Beauty in a Lady's complexion.

Draw Teeth; and take out Corns by the root, and yet put the Patient to no pain.

—Cum melle Aliis.

But most especially that almost (here) Epidemical disease, the *Gonorrhoea*, or *Morbus Gallina*.

To be spoken with at the hours of Nine and Three.

Enter Phantick and reads the Banner.

Phant. As I take it, you are the Doctor that cures these Diseases.

Bank. I am Sir.

Phant. First then, I shall request your Secrecy.

Bank. It belongs to our Profession. But what's your Distemper?

Phant. I've got a Clapp.

Bank. Of what continuance is it?

Phant. 'Tis eight dayes since I first discern'd the Pain.

Bank. Then in eight dayes more you'll discern the Cure? *Recipe.* bring me hither two Papers, the one mark't with P. the other with C.

(*He brings it.*) Sir, take of each of these as much as will lye on a Groat, in half a Pint of the decoction of *Guaicum*, and *Sassafras*, for three mornings together, and 'twill divert the vehement pain in the *Scrotum*; that done, take of these restraining Pills, three or four, Morning and Evening.

Phant. I thank you Sir, What will content you?

Bank. I shall leave it to you Sir.

Phant. Then know, I purchas'd my Disease at so dear a rate, that I have scarce money enough left to pay for the Cure. How ever there's something as Earnest.

Exit.

Bank.

Bank. I knew him in another Condition: but commonly the Effects of Prodigality concludes in misery: those that lay in Ships of Pleasure, near missing the Sea, marks of Discretion, are oft suckt in, and swallowed up by the Quick-sands of Delight, or are violently dasht against the Rocks of Luxury. See who's that Knocks at th' door. (*Knocks within.*)

Recip. 'Tis a Maid that would speak with you Sir.

Bank. Let her in.

(*Enter Jane.*)

Jane. Forsooth, Are you the Outlandish Doctor pray forsooth?

Bank. Yes forsooth.

Jane. Then my Mistresse has sent me to ask you a Question forsooth.

Bank. What is it?

Jane. Whether you can tell Fortunes or no?

Bank. I can resolve all difficult Questions. But what is yours?

Jane. My Mistresse would fain know how long it will be before she will be married: She has two Suiters, and she would likewise understand which of 'um shu'd be her Husband.

Bank. Have Patience Sweetheart till I have consulted with my Authors, and I'll inform you streight. *Recip.* reach me hither *Halcy, Ptolemy, and Argill.* How fitly now should I have been puzzled, but that I understand how the Case stands between 'em.

(*Aside.*)

(*Reads.*)

The Person whom your Mistresse most affects is tall, and inclining to Black.

Jane. 'Tis very true, that's Mr. *Pergrinus.*

Bank. He is a Traveller, and a well-bred Gentleman, and I find contrary to her Fathers commands, she has promised her self to him, the other she hates. Bid her cheer up, for though her Father intends to cross her in her Election, yet a strange providence shall prohibit him, and she at length match to her Parents, and her own content.

Jane. I tremble to hear him: for he that knows all this, surely knows that all is not right with me.

(*Aside.*)

Bank. Let me see, by my Figure, I find *Yenus* Lady of the Ascendant, and Significatrix of your Mistress, strong and in an Angle, which argues, She's at her own disposal, onely vitiated by the quartile Aspect of *Jupiter*, out of the fourth House, nymating the Father: But he being detrimented by being in his Declivity (and Occidental also,) his design is frustrated, and besides he is within two degrees of his Retrogradation.

Jane.

Jane. Rejoicitation quoth a wuld I had ne'er come at him: I fear a wuld raise the Devil by and by: for certainly hee's Con-
juring. (Aside.)

Bank. The Man she loves not, is of a Middle stature, Brown hair, a Quick eye, and has a Roman nose, and is signified by *Saturn*, out of the eight house, in twenty four degrees, thirty nine minutes of *Leo*, and very near a Trine with *Venus*, but is prevented by the hasty interposition of the Moon's body, she being Angular, Lady of the Tenth, in her own House, and in Sextil with *Sat*, out of the Twelfth: which intimates, that your Mistress shall in the very nick of time be delivered by a Woman from him she cannot love.

Jane. This will be welcom News to my Mistress.

Bank. Her Husband that must be, is here signified by *Mercury*, in twenty one degrees, sixteen minutes of *Aries*, swift in motion, having many Essential dignities, and is applied to by the body of *Venus*, which Conjunction being in a fixt sign, and not impeded by the ill Aspect or Application of an Infortunate Planet, (but the inconsiderable quartile of *Jupiter*) it must needs be that they will be joyn'd speedily.

Jane. And will they live happily forsooth?

Bank. Let me see my Figure again: after this Conjunction, *Venus* hastens to a Trine with *Jupiter*, who is Lord of the Mid-heaven, here I find a speedy reconciliation between her and her Father: besides *Pars fortune* is in Semisextile to the cusp of the Ascendant, out of the second, and strengthened by being in the terms and exaltation of *Jupiter*. Every Significator is so full, that in spite of fate, they live happily, I cannot Erre since my Figure is so radical.

Jane. Pray you forsooth, let me trouble you a little further: there's a Friend of mine, not very well, and she desires that you wuld cast her Water.

(Gives him an Urinal)
Oh how my Heart pants to hear what he will say, 'tis my own Water: for I would willingly know the certainty of that which I have suspected on just grounds this six weeks.

Bank. 'Tis Raggy — besides there are many more apparent Symptoms. Maid, tell thy Friend: shee's with Child, and I find by a strong Planetary Conjunction, that she shall be deliver'd of Twins.

Jane. Then am I twice undone: But Sir, this will be answer-
come 2

come News to her, for she pines for a Maid; therefore if you
cou'd help her in this necessity, I'm confident she wou'd well reward
you.

Bask. Wou'd it thou to me be a Murderer?

Jess. O no Sir, but she got her Misfance so far, that it
cannot perbe living thing.

Bask. Thou talk'st according to thy Wisdom: here take this
Powder, and let her drink off a penny weight every Morning, for
nine dayes, and it will do her business.

Jess. I thank you good Mr. Doctor, I'll bring you your fee
presently.

Bask. I think I've fitted her for a Quean, that which I gave
her will prevent all her murdering Endeavours. *Exit*
good beginning. Heaven continue.

Act. 5. Scene 2.

Enter Mr. Hopewell, and Mrs. Hopewell.

Mr. Hop. As for what is past, I freely forgive thee. That now
as this in my thoughts, as unpotted Virginity it self.

Mrs. Hop. I hope my frequent tears have wash'd me white a-
gain, and thy forgiveness has restor'd me to the good Opinion of
my self for the time to come; Ye Powers above, deprive me imme-
diately of that Soul ye gave me, so soon as I shall wrong that duty
I owe thee.

Mr. Hop. And let me not live, when I shall cease to love thee.

Mrs. Hop. My Dearest, though I cu'd for ever content my self to
discourse in this Diall with thee, yet now an emergent busi-
ness, which you shall know more fully hereafter, will hinder us,
and require your silence and attention a while. *Stand by. Here a
comes.*

Enter Kiltory, Servant with the Writing, and Patrick.

Kilt. See here the performance of your Injunctions: but who's
that Gentleman?

Mrs. Hop. A Kinsman of mine, whose advice I took in this
weighty affair. *Alderman Thriwson* promis'd to be here too;
and see he's come in the nick.

Enter Thriwson.

Thriw. Save ye All: come Widow, are the Writings drawn?

Kilt.

Kili. Here they are: and take notice that in these I make a free surrender of my whole Estate to the use of Mrs. Anne Hopewell.

Thrive. Goods and Chattels?

Kili. All, all.

Patb. Tib, ob, ob, boo I arrow moyster, will now give away all mine own tings, and leave nothing upon me poor *Kilpatrick*: fuate shall my wife *Yuave* do for de Cow dar make de butter-milk, and de bony clabber for dy child and my self, and de mullaghane, and de garraane beane, and de garraane dough, thou didst make promise for me.

Kili. Sirrah leave thy howling.

Patb. My self no howle, me make speak for you: By St. *Patrick* and St. *Shont Barry*, my self will make no servant for de

Thrive. Come, come, Sign, sign: (*Kiltory delivers the So, so.*) (*writings to Mrs. Hopewell*)

Kili. Now Madam, I've done my part, there's nothing wanting but the performance of yours.

Mrs. Hope. Which I shall quickly do: according to my promise, I freely bestow on you, all the right and title I have in my self.

Kili. That's a gulf, greater then the riches of the Indies.

Mrs. Hope. No such matter Sir, tis none at all.

Kili. How's that?

Mrs. Hope. Can you give away another man's interest?

Kili. No.

Mrs. Hope. Then cannot I give away my self: that man, the Kinsman as I told you, has been my Master this seven years, and shall be all, till I am masterd by death.

Kili. Am I now in the Meridian of my wisdom, thus cheated by Female subtilty.

Thrive. Ha, ha, I like thy wis Wench. Well, I have such an other at home, a notable Girl at a pinch.

Mrs. Hope. I give you much joy of your purchase Sir, fare you well. *Exit Mrs. Hopewell.*

Thrive. Col. is this Debenture-land, or are you only an Adventurer: if so, you may come in among the forty nine men.

(*Enter Thrive and Mr. Hopewell*)

Patb. Shoole a crogh, manam a dionle, thou grellie michaer, by my foul wation joy a chree, y told dee, de Eaglin vld put de theat pon esry podyer.

Kili

Wife. Woman was the first that ever took the Devils counsel, and first communicated to man, to the ruin of both their terrestrial happiness; and still he makes use still of that Sex, as his principle Instruments to perpetrate the most notorious evils. Impudence is a hereditary vice in 'em, otherwise how could he have look'd me in the face, whilst he made me swallow her gilded Pills of dissimulation; and so intended to kill, when he did most pleasingly smile; they are *Bastards* that destroy with their looks; *Harpies* that allure with their face, to murder with their talons; 'twas well she had not cheated me out of my soul too.

Paul. May Hasting come to her (hecks), strepob granach, and may bet you I shall make due in de prison.

Act. 3. Scen. 3.

Enter Cossend and Jane.

Cossend. **V**ell Jane, what news have you brought me from the Conjuror?

Jane. Mistress, believe me if there be a Devil in Hell, he's one:

Cossend. Pristhee why?

Jane. Why? he knows what every one does, and I think he knows their thoughts: He describ'd Mr. Peregrine, and Mr. Conjuror, as perfectly as if he had seen 'em a hundred times; and he says forsooth, that you shall speedily have Mr. Peregrine; and that Mr. Conjuror's design of marrying you, shall be prevented by a woman: And then he fell conjuring up of all the Devils in Hell I think; he was so well acquainted with 'em, that he call'd 'em by their names; as *Jaqwer*, *Saturn* and *Mari*, and I know not what beside.

Cossend. This news has reviv'd me.

Jane. O but Mistress—

Cossend. What's the matter?

Jane. O I'm undone, I'm undone.

Cossend. Why, prithee why?

Jane. I'm ashamed to tell you forsooth.

Cossend. However I suspect what it is. I ever told you what your ramping on men's backs wu'd come to.

Jan. Alas that did no harm: But will you keep my re-
cross for (oath)?

Cassio. I will, what is't?

Jan. About six weeks since, *Roderigo* the drawer and I, after all
the mist were gone to bed, sat up late by the fire side. *Roderigo* in-
deed has been an affectionate any time this twelve month, say, af-
ter a great deal of talk, he told me he wou'd marry me, and upon
that he kiss me; I think, a thousand times, then I promis'd I wou'd
have none but him: then again he fell a kissing and hugging
and smothering me, and—*Jan.* Sure I was never well since;
therefore to know what ail'd me, I carried my water to the Doc-
tor, and he told me—*Jan.* that made it was with child.

Cassio. Is it so *Himself*, that you have made my Father's house
a Bawdy-house?

Jan. Nay, good *Mistress*, did you not promise my not to be
angry?

Cassio. Is it possible that *Roderigo* so game some, and you fond
fool to be so careless of your credit: well, you shall both walk for-
ward, and then try whether *Janet* shall will maintain you.

Jan. Good *Mistress* forgive.

Cassio. Well *Henry*, the more I know of you makes me pity
your folly: I'll get a friend shall fetch up the credit of your
honour: follow me.

Act. 5. Scene. 4.

Enter *Philip* & *Iago*

Philip. *With* this said I walkt to *Othello's* chamber, calling her whose
unconstant *Othello* and she like, when my
own foolish self, as the sole Author of my present misery, had
I not been infatuated, I might easily have prognosticated my fu-
ture condition, by the courses I then took: I cannot stay at home,
the distemper of my body maketh me every where restless. Near
then durst I sit abroad, for fear of Arrests. Oh insupportable
condition! from bad promises, I wou'd now draw a worse con-
clusion: Farewel kind *Desdemona's* pleasures, and welcome that place
that will see me to a land of forgetfulness, where my weather-
beaten Vessel may be safely moor'd up, from the tempestuous, and

swelling billows of all misfortunes: Oh — I'me right enough serv'd. Here comes one that will plague me worse then the Pox is self.

Hic. How now *Phenastick*, what's the matter, thou canst not hear aught: surely thou hast lost thy Rutter: You must be firing so often, that I thought you'd blow out your Bricks-pipe. Surely thy touch-hole is very foul, for thou recoylest wickedly; let me see thee walk. — Bad, bad — I fear thou art past mending by a Sencing, so that the utmost of thy expectation is e're long to be all at filters. Well, I am sorry that so good an Hackney should so quickly be beaten of his speed, and dry-founder'd. You see how drinking and whoring makes you draw your legs after you; come, thou must be slaw'd; else thou'lt never be wholesome meat for the worme.

Phen. Prithes *Hic* forbear; my folly is so lively delineated by my fancy, that I am tortur'd thereby, worse than by the Disease; I now groan under. Yet this benefit Experience has bestow'd upon me, to know, How needly Imaginary was that Recreation I ever aim'd at, and what miserable effects ensue the enjoyment thereof.

Hic. I cannot much condema thee in thy just complaints; for they have made thee look like a — I know not what — A male Factor that has been hung up two or three years in Gibbets; — Why, thou art ham-thrunk, and broken-winded too. Don't thy bones ach pockily? stand farther off; thy breath is none of the sweetest. I perceive tis come to a snuffing in the head, a pox on that dampish ayre thou breath'st in last.

Phen. A dampish ayre indeeds; but if thou wilt curse it, let be some other way, for it has that already.

Hic. Let me advise you so be very careful, that you blow your face tenderly, thy nose will never indure itself. If I am not mistaken tis already not so fast, as it shoud be; don't you observe it shake in the Filts.

Phen. Never give over; now I see thou art cruel, thou terrifiest me worse than a salivation, or a cleansing lotion.

Hic. Not so fast, more easily; you are but tender; going so fast may endanger the leaving of a League behind; thus much to be even with thee, and now for one that shall new vamp thee again.

Phen. Exit *Hic.* *Al. 3.*

Act. 5. Scen. 5.

Enter Kilry; and Mr. Hopewell.

Mr. Hope. Sir, My Conscience, and that principle of honesty, that I have ever preserved inviolated, will not permit me to be accessory to so foul an injury: Though you may have just cause to complain against the subtilty and fraudulent dissimulation of a woman, (my wife) yet you shall not have the least seeming ground against me. *Tis true, what once was your's, is now lawfully (though not justly) my wife's, and shall be your's again upon consideration.*

Col. Kil. What's that worthy Sir?

Mr. Hope. Your Estate being two hundred pound per Annum; if you will lend me 5 years annuity (but conditionally that you shall ne're require it again) till I shall freely confesse that the improvement thereof hath made me fully able.

Col. Kil. Sir, your extraordinary civility and honesty deserves far more

Mr. Hope. Tis only that sum, and the assurance of your friendship, that I desire.

Col. Kil. This very act of yours, commands me to satisfy you in both. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Scen. 6.

Enter Thrivewell, Contriver, and Cassandra.

Thrive. Come, come, never blust Daughter, 'tis time enough for that anon, when nobody can see you.

Contr. Falrest Mistress, 'twill not now be many hours before you'll both change your name, and condition too.

Cassand. Dearest Father, are you then so cruel to wed me against my mind; certainly you cannot but have heard of the ill effects of forced Marriage.

Thrive. Hold your prating, 'tis now no time to talk of this.

Enter

Enter Peregrine.

Pereg. Mr. Alderman, I am come to informe you of that, which will be dangerous to conceal longer.

Thrive. Mr. Peregrine, I am glad to see you; but what I st Sir, that we may speedily prevent it.

Pereg. 'Tis only the preserving your Daughter from being perjur'd; by doing which, you'll likewise invest me with the possession of my own.

Thrive. What do you mean?

Pereg. Mrs. Cassandra, your Daughter, who is as firmly mine, as vows, protestations, and invocation of Heaven (voluntarily proceeding out of her mouth) can make her.

Cont. How, how?

Pereg. 'Tis very true Sir, and I'm confident she's too virtuous to be guilty (willingly) of the breach of such solemn Promises.

Cont. Sir, you do, but flatter your self; I cannot suspect her to be so facile, as to bestow her self so lightly on one, that's here to day, and gone to morrow.

Pereg. Pray be you silent, you troublesome contriving Coxcomb, unworthiness in the abstract.

Thrive. Mr. Peregrine, I shu'd have been glad to have known your Intentions sooner; therefore I shall desire you to be silent too, for the Pretences are past taking effect.

Cass. Dear Father you'll break my Heart if you say so, for I must confess, I promis'd no less than that worthy Gentleman has express'd, as for my fault (if it may be accounted any) I humbly ask your pardon.

(*Mrs. Contriver knocks at door,*)

and Enters.

Thrive. Who's there? Come in.

Mrs. Cont. By your leave Gentlemen — Oh, are you here Sir! I heard of your Projects in England, which made me make the more hast over, to prevent you from doing that, which wu'd undo me, that am your Wife, and her, that you intend to marry, and likewise save your self from the Gallows.

Thrive. The Woman raves.

Mrs. Cont. No Sir, I'm in my right wits, though the baseness and unworthiness of my Husband's carriage (that hangs down his Head like a Sheep-biter) were enough to distract any one.

Thrive. Is 'a your Husband then?

Mrs. Cont. Yes (to my sorrow) this five years.

Cass.

Cass. Oh Goodness! now are the Predictions of that rare Astro-
lôger come about: Oh thou Villain; that couldest thus attempt to
undo a harmless Maid.

Mrs. Cont. Pray Lady, were you She that was design'd for his
Bride?

Cass. So it seems, though against my will.

Mrs. Cont. Oh thou monster-treacherous Villain! but that thy
Conscience is fear'd, it couldest not but hinder thee from committing
so foul a Crime, upon so fair a Person. Is't not enough that thou
hast trampled me under thy feet thus long, but must thou seek a-
nother subject to execute Injuries upon. Why don't you speak,
and be hang'd? now y^e are dumb, (with a pox to y^e) but if y^e were
alone with me, you'd find Tongue enough, and Hands too.

Thrive. Get out of my Doors dissembling Monster— O
wicked Rascal!

Mr. Cont. How just is Heaven! I see there's no shelter from Di-
vine vengeance, no refuge from the All-seeing eye. Now I am
betray'd to my own deservings. Good Sir pardon me, and Lady
forget me for ever: Dearest Wife, remember not the many
Injuries I have done thee, but forgive me. Now will I pra-
ctise Repentance, and make it my daily study, how I may for the
future live inoffensively.

Mrs. Cont. I like this Recantation well, because 'a never us'd
it before. (Aside)

Well, I'll forgive, and let me request all here to do the like.

Omnes. We do.

Cass. Loving Father, this Obstacle being remov'd, I know none
remaining, but that you may be pleas'd, to let me perform my
Promise to my dear Friend *Peregrine*.

Pereg. By permitting which, you'll render me most happy.

Thrive. Marriages are made in Heaven, and questionlesse it
was there decreed your Union; therefore my blessing on you
both.

Pereg. Sir, in that Word you have compleated my Happynesse,
and now Lady we are arriv'd at that Port, from whence I hope we
shall never weigh Anchor more, nor never part, till summon'd by
Death's pale-fac't Messenger.

Enter *Hic & Vhique*, *St. Punch*, *Mr. and Mrs. Hope-
well*, and *Phantassick*.

Thrive. How now *Mr. Hic*, what's the matter now?

Hic.

Hic. Matter enough, Matter ——— money.

Thrice. Prichce, with whom?

Hic. With my honest Landlady here.

Thrice. Nay then we'll make but one Dinner for two Weddings.

Hic. This is as heartcan wish. *Phantastick.* yet for all thou laughst and jeer it at me in my necessity, I wou'd have so much pity now of thee in thine, as to make thee my Tapster, if thou canst go in Stilts, for thy Legs will never carry thee up Stairs and down. But Gallants,

Come first to Church let's go; and then let's dine.

And spend our day in music, mirth, and wine:

O We'll dance like skipping Fawns, and gladly sing

Soft Epithalmes, whilst Bells in Chances ring.

Par. That being ended, we'll consume the night

In those sweet Pastimes, that our Loves delight!

FINIS.

